

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XXXI.

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## A PILGRIMAGE TO THE PROTO-MONASTERY OF SUBIACO,

## AND THE HOLY GROTTO OF ST. BENEDICT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ULLATHORNE, O.S.B.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### FROM ROME TO ST. COSIMATO.

WHEN God deigns to bless the children of Adam with the reinvigorating influence of some great religious institution, He selects a chosen soul for the instrument of His work. He draws him apart from men and from the influences which their spirit might exercise upon him. Through secret attractions, He brings him to some secluded place, after his time to become for ever famous, as having been divinely prepared for the scene of his heavenly training. Such chosen scenes are as distinct in their features from common nature as are the men who give them their celebrity. They are God's own schools, and have nothing in common with the schools of human teaching. There, amidst solitary grandeurs, God secretly nourishes the spirit of the chosen man with the graces necessary for his enterprise, of the great results of which he is probably himself to a great extent unconscious. Such a school was Subiaco, and such a disciple of God's own training was St. Benedict. What Sinai was to Moses, and Horeb to Elias, and the desert by Jordan to the Baptist, and Patmos to St. John,—such was the Thebaid to St. Antony, the Chartreuse to St. Bruno, Averno to St. Francis, the Cave of Montserrat to St. Ignatius, and Subiaco to St. Benedict. It is to no ordinary scene, then, that the pilgrim, and those who are in his company, are directing their steps.

As we leave the capital of the Christian world, and take our way by the basilica in which the body of the glorious martyr St. Laurence reposes, we are probably following the track on which, towards the close of the fifth century, the youthful Benedict fled in dismay, after his innocent soul had shrunk from its first contact with the licentiousness of the Roman schools. Crossing the broad Campagna, we enter the chain of the Apennines by Tivoli. And leaving behind us its picturesque beauties and classic memories; its cascades, its majestic tufa rocks and grottoes, with the presiding genius of all its beauties, the circular temple of the Sibyl,—we proceed easterly by the ancient *via Valeria*. The route to Subiaco lies between two chains of the Apennines, along the winding valley of the Anio, and on the left side of that rapid stream, which comes rushing down from its sources a few miles beyond the sanctuary to which we are hastening. Bare are the mountains on each side of us in this month of April; yet their austerity is softened through the variety which their changing forms present to the beholder as he moves along his way. Sometimes they recede on one side of the babbling stream, sometimes on the other; then a green valley opens in their sides, and gives its tribute to the winding river; again they come close upon its banks and grow precipitous, and then the scene expands anew. Every strip of valley, or patch of alluvial flat, is carefully cultivated; and even the ledges on the flanks of the mountains, as well as the less rocky declivities, are scrupulously turned to the best account by the industry of the villagers. The vines and olives, which from the days of Horace have enriched these vales, are in course of pruning, so that, like the mortified Christian, they may gain in fruit what they lose in ornamental superfluities. Here and there rise up before the eye the ruins of some ancient tomb; or of those far more ancient polygonal walls, which bespeak the existence of a race of people of earlier date than the Romans; or an old town is seen which crests a hill, and bears a classic name,—a name, another, and yet the same; for time and new tongues have somewhat changed it to the ear. Thus, the ancient Ampulum now lies in ruins under the name of *Ampiglione*; and Saxula, with its stones scattered widely from its fallen edifices, is called to mind as the *via Saxonica*. Huge fragments of the Claudian aqueduct appear from time to time in the lower grounds upon the right; and in one instance the line of arches crosses a tributary stream, and enters the steep side of the mountain, where a tunnel conveyed the water towards its destination. If we follow the



tributary of which we have just spoken to its sources in the mountains which lift their heads in the distance, it will bring us to the neighbourhood of one of the most interesting and venerable sanctuaries of ancient times; a sanctuary the more deserving of our attention, as it long suffered from undeserved neglect.

While the celebrated Father Athanasius Kircher was exploring the recesses of these mountains, in search of what antiquities remained, for the completion of his work on ancient Latium, it was in the year 1661, in the neighbourhood of Guadagnolo, that he reached a greater elevation than he had yet attained, and in the heat of mid-day found himself surrounded on all sides by awful precipices; and, directing his attention to one which was far more conspicuous than the rest, he saw at its foot, peering through a wild mass of foliage, an abandoned church, which bore upon it signs of a great antiquity. Full of emotion, he approached it. It was open; and with a certain religious fear he entered. He found the form of a basilica, ample and entire. Ancient paintings of saints and venerable sculptures breathed the piety of the olden times, and in the midst of the nave there stood, beneath a baldachino, sustained on four columns, a high altar, closed in with iron work. On the altar stood an ancient devout image of the Blessed Virgin and Child, covered over with cobwebs. In the apse was another altar and a choir. A chapel was on one side; and at the other end of the church, in the opposite aisle, was another chapel.

This most learned and devout man was extraordinarily moved, and immediately set about investigating the history of the sanctuary he had come upon so unexpectedly. The result of his inquiries he published in his beautiful and elaborate work, the *Historia Eustachio-Mariana*. This, however, did not satisfy his piety; he moved sovereigns and princes to aid him in restoring the church, that it might again be animated with the divine service; and a pious wish was breathed to his brethren, that his heart, which had so loved the sanctuary whilst he lived, should repose in it after his death.

The Roman senator Placidus, the bosom friend of the Emperor Trajan, his general in the war against the Dacians, in the expedition against the Persians, and his companion in the Jewish war, was in his leisure days a keen huntsman. In the wild mountains we are contemplating, he possessed a rustic villa and ample lands. One day he followed the chase of the stag up the roughest and most precipitous crags of these mountains, until none durst follow him. Still the

chase went on, and still he followed with desperate resolution. At length he found himself surrounded by huge precipices, and the stag in sight plunged into a mass of thickets at the base of a towering rock, which rose roundly up before his path, its top contracted to a point, its base buried in the thickets where his prey had disappeared. It is just such a mountain-rock in form as that on which, in the old Greek mosaics, the Divine Lamb is represented standing and shedding streams of blood. Placidus still urged the chase; and, by a miraculous leap, the stag sprang up, and stood on the very crown of the precipice. Bewildered and astonished at this spectacle, the senator heard a voice from the rock, saying, "Placid, why dost thou persecute Me?" And, behold, between the branching antlers of the creature he had so hotly pursued, a great light, and the figure of a cross, and on the cross the form and features of one suspended. And trembling, he heard the voice once more: "Placid, Placid, why dost thou persecute Me?" Then Placidus with trembling voice sighed out these words: "My Lord, my Lord, in Thy goodness tell me who Thou art, and what it is Thou wouldst have me to do." Then the image said, "I am Jesus Christ, God, the Creator of all, Son of the Eternal Father, who for love of the human race came on earth, and put on flesh, and reconciled the world to the Father through My death; and whoever will receive My law shall be sharers of My kingdom. Go straight to the city, to a priest of the Christians called John, and learn the law from him; then be baptised with thy wife and children, and return to this spot, and I will show to thee the mysteries of the kingdom, and what thou shalt suffer for My name." Placidus hastened to Rome, communicated the vision to his wife, and was baptised by the name of Eustachius.

We shall not pursue the touching history of St. Eustachius and his family. Within the great fissure which rends the face of the rock almost from top to bottom, is the cave to which he returned, where he did great penance and received abundant heavenly consolations. He died a glorious martyr under the Emperor Adrian. Noble families trace their lineage to him at the present day; and amongst his earlier descendants was St. Placid, son of the senator Tertullus, and the favourite disciple of St. Benedict. The Emperor Constantine built the first church on the scene of the saint's conversion, and Pope Silvester dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin and St. Eustachius. A very ancient oaken tablet, formerly in the choir of the church, which is engraved in Kircher, represents in bas-relief the consecration of the



church by St. Silvester. Under three Roman arches, with the busts of our Lord and two apostles carved in the spandrels, stands an altar, on which is an inscription that may be thus rendered: *24th of October, dedication of St. Mary in Vol-torella.* The Pope, in a plain mitre rising out of a circlet of jewels, and wearing the pallium and a broad chasuble, which the deacon is folding up from the wrist, approaches the altar. The deacon is in an ample planeta, and wears a hood falling down on the shoulder. The sub-deacon, in planeta and hood, approaches on the opposite side, with a thurible in one hand, and a vessel for incense or holy oil in the other. Behind him is an acolyte holding a book and a crosier, his large-sleeved surplice covering him nearly to the feet. In another compartment is the stag with Christ between the huge antlers, but without the cross. The word *Silvester* is carved down the side of the Pope's head, and an inscription tells us that *Master William did this work.* The lower part of the tablet was formerly adorned with rows of precious stones, the upper part has foliated scroll-work with heads. The altar in the nave beneath the cupola, on which stands the wooden triptych with the statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child, was raised, according to the inscription, by Prior Nicholas, in 1305. On the doors of the triptych are painted St. Eustachius with the stag, St. Silvester, St. Benedict, and St. Placid. In the choir is a great wooden cross, with the figure of Christ crucified, of very ancient date. There are also two other crosses, one of silver, the other of brass, which are extremely interesting. Kircher has engraved the silver one, and supposes both to have been of the date of Constantine, and gifts from that emperor; but it is perhaps safer to assign them to a later date. They are of the Greek form; on one side is the Crucifixion, with angels at the extremities; on the other, the Lamb, with the symbols of the Evangelists. A vine, flowering with lilies and roses, runs over both sides of the cross. A yet more curious monument of pious antiquity is a seven-branched candlestick in brass. Its general form is like that of the Jewish Temple; but the upright stem is twisted, and the shaft below the branches runs through three cups resting on knops, or rather capitals, whilst round the branches there is a succession of loose and revolving cylinders, detached from each other by knots raised on the branches. A metal bar runs horizontally across the top of the seven branches, out of which rise seven prickets. Kircher says that similar candlesticks were to be seen in his day in the choirs of Roman basilicas. Old pictures, many of them much faded, cover the walls: St. Eustachius and his stag frequently appear. Under



a picture of the Blessed Virgin is this inscription: *M. Bartholomew, of Subiaco, painted this work with good faith in 1424. O Lady, help me. I ask this for my reward.*

It is an old tradition on the spot, that St. Benedict came to this sanctuary when he fled from Rome; but that finding the multitudes who came thither for devotion on festivals disturbed his solitude, he took the path towards Subiaco. It is perhaps better authenticated, that Tertullus, the father of St. Placid, made over this mountain of Voltorella and its vicinage to St. Benedict, and that he restored the sanctuary. It was certainly a dependency on Subiaco at a later period, and had a priory of Benedictines for many ages. Ruins of the monastery still remain, and leave its ground-plan traceable.

But we must proceed on our pilgrimage. At the ninth mile-stone from Tivoli we reach Vicovaro, the ancient *Varia*. Its massive old walls and bastions, half in ruins, stand on huge masses of tufa rock, presenting to the side of the road a series of deep caverns, which, as we pass along, have strongly riveted our attention; for each of the party has observed in them a practical commentary on the Gospel. Most of these yawning caverns have rude doors affixed to them, and are stables for goats, or sheep, or cattle; and now and then may be seen a shepherd dressed in rude goat-skins. On the right hand, a fertile declivity, rich in olive-trees, goes down to the margin of the stream. As we ascend at the close of this valley, and round a projecting point of the range, a magnificent prospect breaks upon the sight. The scene widens out on both sides; the dells are covered with foliage; the Anio takes a sweep round to the right, and at the arc of the bow which it forms, it laves the base of a rocky promontory, which guards the green peninsula like a coast-line. On this point stands a convent, its white walls and tower shining through a mass of tall cypress-trees, which raise their dark-green obelisks into the clear blue of the sky. The background beyond the stream is an intricate but graceful scene of wood and vale, closed in by a swelling range of lofty hills. This convent is St. Cosimato, a place of deep interest to the pilgrim of St. Benedict. Passing behind the present Franciscan convent into the garden, the spectator stands some 300 feet above the river; and beneath him lies a subterranean monastery, cut out of the living rock by human industry. A steep flight of steps constructed on the face of the rock conducts down two-thirds of the precipice, and brings us to a range of cells, each with its door, and a square aperture above it, opening upon the Anio. These cells are on an average six feet by four. Two seats in each cell are formed by projections left in the rock,

admitting of a board being laid upon them, so as to form a couch. An ascent by steps from the cells conducts to the chapel, which stands some 200 feet above the water. It is twenty-four feet long, whilst its breadth gives twelve feet at the one end, and nineteen at the other. Its vault is regularly carved in the rock, and a pillar is left standing in the centre. Seats are left in the natural rock on each side. The refectory of this subterranean convent can now only be entered by another descent from the garden. It is about seven yards square, and has its seats and a table left in the stone. This is the primitive monastery of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

We must now turn to the ninth chapter of St. Gregory's *Life of St. Benedict*. The holy patriarch was still a hermit in his solitary grotto at Subiaco, though the fame of his sanctity had spread abroad, when, as the great pontiff tells us, the father of the monastery we have just described was removed by death. The whole community went immediately to St. Benedict in his grotto, and implored him with many and earnest prayers that he would come and preside over them. The saint long refused himself to their wishes, and declared that their ways and his could never be made to agree; but conquered at last by their importunities, he assented. He held the monks to strict observance of their state of life, nor would he turn a step to left or right of its laws. So the brethren began to be maddened in their rage against him. They accused their own folly for seeking a superior of a spirit so different from their own, finding it hard to meditate on things to them so new, whilst their affections still inveterately clung to their former practices; they grieved over the breaking up of cherished habits, and felt, as depravity ever will, that the presence of holiness was a painful burden; till at last some of the community sought to rid themselves by conspiring the death of their spiritual father, and mingled poison in his wine-cup. When the cup was held towards him to bless, according to custom, the saint put out his hand and signed the cross; when, though held at a distance, the glass vessel broke in pieces, as if, instead of signing the cross, he had thrown a stone. Then the man of God knew that the cup, which could not receive the sign of life upon it, contained some deadly draught. So rising up at once, with a serene mind and a calm face, he said to the assembled community: "May God Almighty have mercy on you, brethren. Why would you do this to me? From the first did I not tell you that your ways and mine would not agree? Go and seek a father after your own fashion: for, after this, you can-



not possibly have me longer." He then returned to his beloved solitude.

Let us follow on the saint's path. Amongst various walled villages which rise in view, that of Sarascinesco attracts attention, as well from its conspicuous position, as from the singular history of its inhabitants. As its name implies, it is inhabited by a race derived from Saracens: the sole remains of those wild hordes who, between the seventh and ninth centuries, more than once overran this country, and destroyed the monasteries of Subiaco. How they settled here is still a question. But Nibby's conjecture has the greatest show of probability, that, after their second incursion, Pope Leo IV., having taken a number of them prisoners at Ostia, and employed them on the erection of the Leonine wall which guards the Vatican, had afterwards transferred them to this settlement. The Saracens are mentioned as inhabiting this place in a record of the thirteenth century. They still retain the traits of their Oriental origin; and though Christian for so many ages, they bear Saracenic names, and marry within their own tribe. The peasants, in picturesque costumes, who loiter on the steps in the Piazza d'Espagna, as subjects for the pencils of our artists, come mostly from Sarascinesco.

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## CHAPTER II.

### FROM ST. COSIMATO TO SUBIACO.

As we proceed along, the mountains increase their height, ridge recedes above ridge, and the sky-lines grow more dark and more severe. Walled villages, stained by age to the colour of the rocks on which they stand, and from which their materials have been taken, appear more frequently. Each, with its ruined castle-tower and Byzantine church-steeple, is perched on some high position of difficult approach. The old chronicles and title-deeds call them, not towns or villages, but castles. Their very designation speaks of the serfdom and feudal warfare which saw their origin. The eye wanders in vain about the lower grounds in search of human habitations. Not a single house is to be seen detached from these gray old mountain eyries. When their inhabitants descend to cultivate the valley, they put together little conical tents made of canes or reeds, which serve them in the fields and vineyards for their temporary accommodation. Here the primitive plough may be seen at work;—a wedge of wood, flat underneath, pointed with a sheath of iron, which the peasant forces with



his foot down into the earth, whilst he handles the short stilts and guides his yoke of buffaloes with a cord. And here, in the green nooks, the shepherds pipe to their flocks as in the days of Virgil, awake their attention with simple melodies that come sweetly from the distance to the ear, and invite their flocks to follow them to fresher pastures or to cooler shades.

The scholar may ask why we pass the cool stream of Digentia without even a notice of the Sabine farm of Horace. Let him turn to the *Classic Tour* of Eustace. He will there find a pilgrimage different from ours. Eustace has carefully identified whatever the poet has with rare felicity described of his sylvan retreat. But what an illustration of a past generation does that book present! The Rev. J. C. Eustace was a Catholic priest, trained in a Benedictine monastery, received his orders there, was a professor within its walls, and there found a home; yet while he searches out every corner of Italy which can afford the very minutest objects of classical interest, he concludes his tour in this direction at the Sabine farm. Subiaco, though but a few miles farther, has no interest in his eyes, although it was the cradle of the great order which nurtured him; and although magnificent scenery, great monuments of Christianity famous in its history, noble productions of Christian art, and brethren to welcome him, were there. His whole interest is concentrated on the few traces left of the famous pagans who are dead and gone. In passing St. Cosimato, he merely alludes to its association with St. Benedict, the founder of the western monks. Himself a "Eustace," and bearing the stag's head and cross upon his shield, he must have been quite familiar with Kircher's *Vetus Latium*, in which, as well as in the work already cited, the scene of the conversion of the glorious martyr, from whom he holds his family name, is both described and depicted; yet he passes it unnoticed, and apparently without a thought.

A point which has for some time tantalised the sight of the pilgrim is now, at length, passed, and the Simbruine mountains are unveiled in all their grandeur. A fertile valley lies straight before us; it abounds in vines and olive-trees. At the distance of a mile before us, the foreground of the prospect is closed up by a pyramidal hill, the base and sides of which are covered with the closely-packed town of Subiaco. A steep glacis exhibits its grass-covered sides above the loftiest seated habitations, which is crested by a fortress frowning with a triple girth of battlements. Rising out of the centre of the fortress, the palace of the abbots of Subiaco, an oblong structure of considerable elevation, crowns this most picturesque little city. As if to give the utmost advantage to its

fine position, the mountains on either side of the valley run on in almost parallel lines until they reach its vicinity, when the range on the left sinks its lowest tier to receive the outskirt of the town, whilst the upper ranges sweep out and wind round and away into the distant background. On the right, a long dark balk, backing up behind a series of round hummocks, reaches its highest point opposite Subiaco, when it goes sheer down into the valley. The river winds away round the town by this point, broken with falls, and then glides gently towards us through vineyards and trees.

Drawing near to the town, we pass a fine old bridge, which, with a single span of bold construction, crosses the Anio, and is guarded by a portal. Subiaco contains 6000 inhabitants. In all its features, as in the customs of its inhabitants, it is one of the most complete examples of what mediæval towns have been. Even in its lowest parts the ground is unlevel; and so narrow are the streets, and so sharp the turnings, that no wheeled carriage can pass through them; whilst by far the greatest part of the town ascends so steeply up the hill, that the streets are staircases. The shops are as primitive in their appointments and appearance as the greatest lover of antiquity could wish to see; and the whole crowded and closely-packed city, for city it is, wears the venerable but inconvenient air of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The fortress which rises above it was built by Abbot John V.; and not before it had become absolutely necessary for the protection of the population and the adjoining monasteries against the marauding expeditions of the barons from the neighbouring castles.

Only after we have passed through the town do we meet with signs of modern additions. Here, with a public place in front, is a spacious new church, built by Pius VI., who was commendatory abbot of Subiaco. Near this church is a large ecclesiastical seminary, built by the same pontiff. As we descend into the road, we again meet the river, like an old companion, and on its banks is a paper-mill, with other signs of modern industry. We soon enter upon a country through which wheels have never run. The bare mountains before us rise to a height we have not yet witnessed, and a deep opening between them points the way to the holy valley. The first distant view of the great proto-monastery of St. Scholastica is not promising to the lovers of venerable structures. The face it presents to us is a long square front of modern flat plaster; the more strange and unsuited to the place, when we reflect that the entire region is one great mass of travertine and limestone. But a glimpse of the fine old



tower of Abbot Humbert gives promise of better things. The lower range of hills conceals the convent as we advance, and closes up the view in front.

Ascending gradually for a short mile, the scenery increasing in interest, especially when we turn round and look back towards Subiaco, we are brought to a short and sharp ascent, and all before us is closed up like a hidden mystery. Then we come upon a round oratory on the verge of a precipice. Then we step aside from the path upon a bridge which strides a chasm. And, behold, the prodigious ravine of the holy valley, stretching before you until it is almost lost in masses of intricate shadow.

[To be continued.]

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## Preston Hall,

AND

### OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE OWNER OF NABOTH'S GRANGE.

SOUPINGTON GRANGE, now distinguished as Soupington Hall, had once been actually the grange of the late dissolved abbey of Soupington. The Stumpyngfords were its founders. Aylwin, ancestor of the Stumpyngfords, was a Saxon thane when William the Conqueror beat Harold. He retained his rank and possessions, and employed a large part of them in founding an ample house for the children of St. Benedict. His posterity always looked upon it as their eldest child. And the time of destruction found it existing in great splendour, with unrelaxed rule, and among the number of those greater monasteries for which Henry and his Parliament yet thanked God that the performance of their duties was admirable, while they were dividing the lesser spoils of the small houses, and licking their lips at the prospect of the greater spoil to come.

The lying commissioners of Henry and Cromwell, whose infamous calumnies, fortunately for themselves, have not all come down to us, invented no lie about this place. The publicity of its spotless fame was too much for them. The king's



highness, therefore, was gratified by having the abbot hanged at once, because he denied the supremacy of the king in the concerns of JESUS CHRIST. This step taken, Achab entered into possession of the vineyard of Naboth without further obstruction. The Benedictine fathers received small pensions out of their own and the Stumpyngfords' money, and retired to spend their days in solitary obscurity. Their place was immediately supplied by the new religion, and an entirely new sort of minister, and a lord, the deputy of Achab. The minister, we need not say, was the predecessor of our well-known friend the Rev. Dr. Montfort Smith—a volume of whose sermons, if we may be forgiven for usurping the duty of an advertisement, is, we understand, likely to be published by the eminent religious house of Sokey and Babbbleheim in the course of this year. The lord was the ancestor of the great nobleman whom we have slightly mentioned on a former occasion, the Duke of Soupington. The D'Umplings are undoubtedly a family of great antiquity. There is irrefragable evidence that they existed in Normandy long previous to the expedition of William. And the most eminent Norman genealogists assure us that they have a descent in the female line from the great King Pepin, with whose history we are all acquainted. It is not the fault of the annalists of the British peerage, much less of the present writer, if the name of D'Umpling does not appear in the Roll of Battle Abbey, which you are aware professes to contain the names of the associates of William the Conqueror. It certainly does not occur there. But we have other evidence in plenty, and the omission need not discredit the Battle Roll.

They came down from their founder at the Conquest, residing as moderate knights and great esquires at the little hamlet of D'Umpling, where they had their hall. It is now a farm-house, and is worth the attention of the curious. The Rev. Dr. Montfort Smith has quite a little portfolio of water-colour drawings and calotypes of it. Here they lived. And the great sacrilege found Sir Henry D'Umpling a very prosperous gentleman, with the utmost elasticity of faith, and a determination to keep pace with his contemporary the vicar of Bray. He had got to court. And, at the time when light divine is supposed to have first beamed from Boleyn's eyes, was forward in expressing his opinion of the match, and his desire that the king's highness should have his new wife without any trouble. This was not forgotten. And the fall of Soupington Abbey, which occurred not long after, enabled the king to reward Sir Henry D'Umpling with that ample domain, the sight of which we enjoy to this day, and also to

summon a man possessing so lordly a domain to the Upper House by the title of Lord Soupington. The grange soon disappeared, and a stately house rose in its stead, in the porch of which we now observe Oreb Wyggins thundering at the door of the son of the first lord, the then Lord of Soupington.

It was between eight and nine o'clock that the Lord Soupington was disturbed from a quiet, but not the least pensive contemplation of the bright embers of a wood-fire glowing between the dogs on the hearth in his hall. Lady Soupington, daughter of a lady who had once been one of the attendants of Queen Katharine, but it need not be said a devoted admirer of all succeeding queens, was sitting with him. They had been chatting pleasantly about the folly of that poor wretch the last abbot, who had got hanged and quartered for a mere quibble. They wondered, too,—dear me, how they wondered!—that the two families, the Prestons and Stumpynghfords, should be so very unconformable to the king's grace, his religion, and good ancient laws. It was so foolish. Their excellent bishop,—how well he did without any reference to that tiresome old Pope! It was so English to have a bishop from the only goodness and mere favour of the king, the supreme head on earth, &c. This pleasing retrospective conversation was broken in upon by the sudden arrival of Oreb, who, all splashed as he was, would see my lord, and my lord only, and would not be said nay.

When a groom had taken away the rector's cob, and Oreb was admitted, as at length he was, he approached Lord Soupington very humbly, put his brother's letter into the lord's hand, and retired to a distance while it was being read. That wise peer, to do him justice, was greatly moved; more than he chose to show. He was lieutenant of the county. Here he had got information, plain and direct, information which vexed him to read, but which he did not dare neglect. He had no idea of taking any more trouble. The vineyard of Naboth was enough for him; his father had secured his harvest, and had gathered his grapes for him, and the grapes had not set his teeth on edge. He had no animosity against the Prestons in particular, confining himself to a general malediction of all Catholics, as, of course, was natural.

However, he felt he must act. He would not let Oreb out of his sight. He made him sit down on a bench, called a servant, ordered him food with haste, and then desired his steward, who lived in the house, to be sent to him. He came immediately; an active man in the prime of life. "Steward," said the lord, "here is work to be done at Preston Hall. Let me have a dozen of my fellows, armed to the teeth, with all



speed. Get them here. And to-morrow morning, at four of the clock, we will move. Say nothing of where we are going. Take this fellow," pointing to Oreb, "never let him out of your sight, and see that his horse is well cared for. You will come with us yourself."

Lady Soupington had left the hall when Oreb was introduced, wondering what that ill-looking fellow could have to do with her lord. And now he went to join her in the withdrawing-room. He told her the whole story. And they really were, both of them, very sorry.

"That John Wyggins," said he, "thinks he is doing me a favour, and very likely that I shall get him made archdeacon and canon. But he never was more mistaken in his life, though I cannot tell him so. I hate papists hard enough, as you know. But Benedict Preston is a very good fellow, though he is a popish recusant."

"So he is," said Lady Soupington, quite pityingly. "And then his wife Apollonia—so handsome and pleasant, as those Stumpyngfords always have been—and her two dear little children. I'm so sorry for them all."

"I wish John Wyggins was hanged," said her lord. "The man might recollect in what parish he and his forefathers have lived so long. But it's all no use. If I refuse, it will soon be known, and I shall be lost. So it must be done. After all, it may be a false alarm, and we may find no one."

So the lord took himself to his bed, to take a few hours' rest before he rode on his foray. Punctual to the hour, the steward had a party of a dozen retainers at the porch, with Oreb, and a powerful horse led for his master. He also, ready to a moment, was speedily in the saddle, and led the way.

The whole party wore the armour of the day. They proceeded at a moderate pace, so as to arrive at Preston easily about six o'clock. At a quarter to six they arrived at the Hall, and posted guards at each of the outlets; that is to say, two in the back part of the house, in the court-yard, and at the great hall door. At this the Lord Soupington stationed himself, with six of his retainers and the steward. When these dispositions were made, the Lord Soupington lifted the long hammer knocker that hung on the door—you may see it still—and executed a volley of raps much exceeding in power those which may be heard echoing through a London street or square.

There was commotion in the house instantly. Lights appeared glancing about the upper windows. Still, no one came to the door; and the lord lieutenant continued his very muscular summons. Five or six minutes at least must have elapsed,



when some one approached the door on the inside, and asked in a loud voice who was there?

"Lord Soupington, in her majesty's name."

The bolts were then slowly withdrawn, and a bar removed, and a great key turned in the lock. All appeared to be done with deliberation. At last, when these sounds had all ceased, the door was thrown open, and Mr. Benedict Preston appeared holding a light; our friend Stibbs, the undoer of the fastenings, standing by.

"You are welcome, my lord," said Benedict Preston, "to my house, in her majesty's name or your own. May I ask what you want?"

Lord Soupington, the steward, and the six men-at-arms stepped into the hall.

"This is an unfriendly visit," exclaimed Mr. Preston.

"Not that, worshipful Mr. Preston; but I have received information that you are harbouring here one Alfred Preston, who, I am afraid, is your brother,—a suspected traitor against her majesty's laws and religion."

"I have a brother named Alfred," said Mr. Preston; "but your lordship will not find him here."

"We must see that," said the lord. "We are losing time. By your good leave, sir," said he; and passing by Mr. Preston, he turned to his steward and said, "Stay here with two of these men to guard the door. The other four will come with me; and I charge you, Mr. Preston, and you," turning to Stibbs, "on your allegiance to the queen, to come with me over the house."

He took the light out of Stibbs's hand, gave it to one of his four men, and drew his sword. The steward and all his retainers drew theirs. Oreb was not of the party. He had gone off to the rector's house, instead of accompanying the lord lieutenant; but, on the road, he had told his lordship as well as he could the situation of the chapel, about which he had managed to discover that it was certainly at the top of the house. To the top of the house, then, not very hastily, and making something of a clatter in going up, Lord Soupington, accompanied by his men and by Mr. Preston, found his way. They reached the chapel. The door stood wide open. The candles were burning on the altar, and none of the little decorations which we have mentioned had been removed; but neither crucifix, missal, vestments, nor priest were to be seen.

"Your lordship can walk in," said Mr. Preston. "I presume an English family may make its devotions in the oratory of the house without being exposed to evil report for so doing."

"Certainly," said Lord Soupington; "certainly, Mr. Preston. I have an oratory myself at Soupington; but I am bound to say we do not use it quite so early in the morning."

"I hope, my lord," rejoined Mr. Preston, "saying our prayers at six in the morning is no treason against her majesty or her laws."

"Nay, Mr. Preston, you are jesting. The accusation against you is no jesting matter. But I see nothing here contrary to the laws of this realm. But we must search the house all over."

Accordingly, to the best of their knowledge, they did go all over the house; and after an hour spent in fruitless ransacking, Lord Soupington sent his men into the hall, and prepared for a retreat.

"I am sorry, Mr. Preston, to have had this duty to perform. I trust we shall be no worse neighbours for it; and I trust you mean well to her majesty and her laws."

"Her majesty has no more loyal subject than I am," said Mr. Preston. "I give your lordship the good day," said he, as he stood at his door uncovered, and saw the Lord Soupington ride away. Lord Soupington, on his part, was not sorry that the visit was over, and had ended without turmoil.

In the mean time Father Alfred Preston was safe inside the hiding-hole which we have shown to our readers; and the crucifix, vestments, and missal, were in the smaller hiding-hole near the chapel. So the danger was over for one while.

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## CHAPTER V.

### INIMICUS HOMO FECIT HOC.

NEVERTHELESS the man-hunters were not to be defeated by being at fault once. Elizabeth, the nursing-mother, who starred her page of history with a galaxy of blood, wanted more than Campian and his friends, who had already died by her executioner.

It was known at court that Alfred Preston was in England in disguise somewhere. All that Lord Soupington had heard, and all that he did, he put on paper and sent to Elizabeth's ministers. Under her eye, and with her, the measures against Catholic priests were planned and matured. It was determined to try the cover again,—this time with practised hunters from London. Lord Soupington received instructions from the privy council to hold himself in readiness on an early morning



in January 1581 to make another search of Preston Hall with certain persons whom the council should send down to him. Father Alfred Preston continued to live at his brother's house, all of them still hoping that, after the late search, and the report which they knew that Lord Soupington would make, the danger might pass over. Precisely at the same hour as before, on the Epiphany, Lord Soupington came as he had come before, and alarmed the family at Preston Hall. He was admitted without hesitation, and again went to the chapel. Again he saw nothing of which the law could lay hold. But this time he had two pursuivants with him, stanch bloodhounds.

"My lord," said they, when the search was concluded, "we would have your honourable lordship surely to understand that there is a priest in this house. Albeit the massing furniture is gotten clean out of the way, yet we find an appearance in that chapel by which we are assured that the priest himself is hidden not far off; so, if your good lordship will please to assign us a guard, we will wait in this house to execute the queen's commands."

Lord Soupington, still swayed alternately by his hatred to Catholics, and his wish not to be over-hard on Mr. Preston, was very unwilling to comply. He had made up his mind that he should get home quietly again; and that if there was any thing in the accusation, some one else might have to bring it to light; and he thought he could bear that.

But the pursuivants were peremptory, and claimed his assistance in the queen's name. So he left the pursuivants and eight of his followers, making courtly apologies to Mr. Preston, and expressing neighbourly hopes that he would be well seen out of the present inquiry shortly. Then he rode homewards cheerfully, and thanked—we had almost said—God, that he was well rid of so very unpleasant a business.

He found the comforts of a venison pasty, and some remarkably fine ale made from the malt-kiln of the foolish abbot who was hanged, very suitable to his state of mind; and after these substantial consolations, reposing in a chair of such ease as the age could devise, indulged in one of those gentle slumbers which poets are too apt to consider the especial privilege of virtue and innocence. There we leave him for the present.

This state of things, we can assure you, excellent and impartial friend, finds a very considerable contrast in any lock-up, or garret, or other den of misery and danger. Lord Soupington, when awake, would no doubt have said that Father Alfred Preston's condition, in his narrow hiding-hole at

Preston Hall, and a couple of pursuivants and several retainers prowling in every direction, prying, sniffing, and poking in every corner and cranny, was, as contrasted with his own, when asleep or awake, most unfavourable and pitiable. To think of a man enduring all this, with a gibbet and Protestant fire and knife in the distance,—all for the sake of saying *Confiteor Deo cæli*, and other such old tags of Latin, in a Mass!

But there is every reason to believe, as we shall see more at length, that Father Alfred Preston would have been very sorry to make any exchange. He had made up his mind, and counted the cost, before he left the security of Rome for the hunting-fields of England. Look at him in the hiding-hole, and see the other picture. He is sitting on the floor, perfectly silent, for he is not going to fling away his life; only to give it when wanted. Food is on the floor by him to eat, when he can do so safely. A particular tap outside his prison, by one of the household, tells him when he may do so. His Breviary is by his side. He does not turn the leaves till he has heard the signal of safety. He ceases to move in any way when he hears the signal of danger, which the family contrive to give by a loud knock on the floor in any room near him. There is not the smallest appearance of unhappiness in his face; and he seems intent upon a small crucifix upon the wall before him.

How very much more comfortable things are at Soupington! But, judging from holy Scripture, and the experience of the Saints, which they have bequeathed to us, it seems likely that the angels frequented the hiding-hole and cheered Father Preston, and were not engaged at the present time in a similar attendance at Soupington.

Billets are proverbially uncomfortable. Letters from exasperated publicans and their friends are found in the pages of our dear *Times*, in the year 1855, complaining bitterly of having friendly soldiers billeted upon them. Our friends at the Cock and Bottle in Stumpingford had a good deal to say about it, and insisted on the unexceptionable character of their house. The delightful privacy of the room with a hole in the door had been invaded by rough fellows in odd, new, fuzzy coats, who on numerous occasions declined paying any bill at all, and found no friend who would do it for them. But what would those injured, virtuous citizens of the Cock and Bottle have said to a billet of pursuivants? These pursuivants at Preston Hall had a very pleasant time of it. They eat and drank of the best when they liked. Lord Soupington's retainers had some feeling of what was due to their mas-



ter's neighbour. But the pursuivants, friends of the privy-council and Elizabeth herself, had no such restraint, and their billet was accordingly a very heavy infliction.

One morning, the third day after the last search, one of these gentlemen was walking from the gallery looking into the hall in the direction of the great landing at the top of the stairs, and passed Father Alfred Preston's place of refuge. He heard something—something which he had never heard before. He did not know what it was, and stopped most attentively to listen. Dreams of Eastcheap, and illimitable boozing, crossed his brain. This might be a hiding-hole; but the delirious prospect of interminable drunkenness when he had got his reward only made him more cautious and wary. He stood in a lout's version of an Apollo Belvedere. Noise went on—not the same,—it was now decidedly snoring.

Father Alfred Preston had, in fact, been sitting up and trying to say some of his office by the dim light as it came down the shaft over his head. He failed to do so. The book slipped out of his hand, and this was the noise that first attracted the pursuivant. He was sitting up in the posture in which we ventured to look at him, with his back against the wall; an uneasy posture for sleep. In a moment he began to breathe very hard, so hard as to be quite audible in the passage. This settled the question in the pursuivant's mind—his name was Foxe. He stole away as gently as possible, and in order to identify himself with the discovery, went into the servants' hall, which was given up to him—for none of the servants would so much as look at him if they could help it,—and there, finding all the retainers and his brother pursuivant, he related before them all the discovery which he had made.

You would have thought that they were going to encounter that army of the Pope which had been so long on its way against England, but had never been seen. They drew their swords, swore with the utmost freedom and pleasantry, and invoked a great many sacred names, and a not impossible measure of destruction upon themselves, as witnesses and penalty, if they did not lay hold of the priest.

Foxe persuaded them to go up-stairs quietly, and carried in his own hand a large crow-bar, of the kind since so highly approved by Orange landlords in Ireland. It may really be called the fortieth article. Reaching the place from which the sound proceeded, they all stood very still and listened. Foxe, Apollo again; the crow-bar enabling him to translate himself still better. They all heard it, winked, pulled each other's hair, shook their fists, made pleasant phantom pokes

with their swords in the air, and admirably imitated on the neck of the smallest of them the ceremony of decapitation.

Foxe terminated these sports and pastimes of the people of England by striking hard at the wood-work opposite to him. It sounded so solid, that for a moment he was confounded. But, with proper instinct, he lowered and lowered his blows towards the floor, till a blow on the panel which had admitted Father Preston discovered the secret.

Without a moment's hesitation he smashed the panel, flung himself on his knees, and looked in. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Foxe, we may be quite certain that the angels were not at all alarmed at his expressive face. And the object of their care and solicitude, waked suddenly out of a slumber, a really *facilis somnus*, showed not the slightest symptom of alarm. Foxe, quite up to these matters, slipped his hand through the great hole which he had made, undid the bolt, pushed back the slide, and, in a moment, stood inside the hiding-hole. The other pursuivant followed. Foxe desired the retainers to remain outside in the passage.

"Truly, a pleasant place," said Master Foxe; "airy, at all events. Yet methinks my lady's withdrawing-room would be better for a gentleman of the house." Father Preston, who had now got up, said nothing. "Always supposing," continued Foxe, "that you are the gentleman we are looking for,—Alfred Preston, Jesuit; friend of Edmund Campian, Jesuit, and the seminary priests, all traitors, lately put to death for treason against the queen's highness that now is."

"My name," said Father Preston, "is Alfred Preston."

"Marry now," said Foxe, "I thought so. You see I am a wizard, though I practise no black art. You shall come with us, sir. And we will take you with or without your fatherly blessing."

Alfred Preston said nothing. He was a priest, and did not forget that he was one, and recollected his duty. Human frailty only went so far as that the blood of his race for a moment warmed in him as he heard himself, on his father's land, jibed by such a caitiff. But it was gone in a moment as his eye fell upon the crucifix. He answered with most perfect placidity that he was ready to go. The pursuivants and retainers were taking him down-stairs hand-cuffed, and on the stairs met the squire.

He was greatly astonished; for all had been done so quickly that the news had not got into the house; and it so happened that no one had heard the breaking of the panel. But in time astonishment gave way to the liveliest indignation.



"Jew dog!" he said to Foxe, who was leading his brother. The crew all raised their swords.

"Patience, Benedict," said the priest. "There is no use in being angry. They are but doing what they are bid."

"Good lack," said Foxe, "to see how some gentlemen take on! Why, Master Preston, I take it this is your brother that we have been looking for so long. When did you go to church last, Master Preston, to hear service and sermon orderly according to the queen her highness's laws and religion? Surely this must be looked to, Master Preston."

Father Alfred made signs to his brother, as well as he could, to be quiet.

Stibbs, the ancient and trusty, coming on the stairs at the moment with one or two other men-servants, it seemed possible for a moment that there might be a fight and a rescue. But the overwhelming number of Foxe's party made the squire himself feel, that to make a resistance would be only insuring death to his brother and destruction to his family. So the Gospellers came down the stairs. There, in the great hall, they made a group such as we see now in the picture hanging on the wall of that same room, painted not long after to match another, with the subject of which we will not yet acquaint the reader. But here they now stood, as you will see when you make your visit to the hall. Father Alfred Preston in the middle, held by Foxe on one side, and brother to Foxe on the other. All the retainers on his left; the squire, Apollonia Preston, and Stibbs on his right. Stibbs, in an attitude of grand disdain, with his right hand in a position looking very much as if it was fumbling for a sword. Behind them, men and women-servants; and in the foreground, close to your eye, the two little children, looking up most intently at Father Alfred, who meets their gaze with a look of the utmost affection. It is a fine *tableau*, even as we see it in the picture. What it was in life we may even now imagine. They barely gave Father Alfred time to get a travelling dress on. Then they got him to the door, put him on horseback behind one of the retainers, and rode off with him, through Stumpingford, to Soupington Grange.

In half-an-hour the whole brutal capture was begun and ended, and the house clear of one of its best-loved sons, and that perfectly English expression became realised—that a general gloom fell over it.

Nevertheless, brave squire and brave priest, *post tenebras lucem*; if not in your time, in ours, who are unworthy of you. We don't think there is much use in dwelling on feelings. Our readers can supply those for themselves. It is the busi-

ness of the historian to supply the facts. He becomes something else if he supplies the sighs. The reader, Catholic or Protestant, unless a Protestant of the Orange and sombre sort, but especially if a Catholic, will easily imagine the fierce anger, and at the same time the misery and desolation, caused by an event of this character. As far as it is reasonable to do so, he may indulge his grief. In the present history it is but a small part of the horrible realities of that day that can be told—its inexorable lying, and breathless pursuit of blood. So we leave Preston Hall for the present. We will see it again by and by. It is not to be uprooted by this storm.

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## CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH WE ARE REFUSED TO HAVE THIS MAN TO REIGN OVER US.

LORD SOUPINGTON was surprised, pleased, and displeased, at a glance, when he found that a prisoner was actually brought to his house. He really had thought that, after all, Alfred Preston might not be there. He certainly did not wish to be himself the instrument of destruction to a Preston. However, there was no help for it. All was done in form. He spoke as kindly as he could to Alfred Preston, whom he had known in their early youth, before he went to Rome; and despatched him, under the care of Foxe and the pursuivants, and a few of his own retainers, to the privy-council in London. It is not necessary, as we are not compiling a guide-book, to say what number of miles lay between Soupington or Stumpingford, and London. It is enough to say that, on a sorry jade, guarded as we have seen, Alfred Preston arrived in London. Brought before the privy-council, and bullied in the usual manner with imputations of treason, he at once admitted that he was a priest, a Jesuit, and had received holy orders in Rome; and further, that he had come to this country for the special purpose of reconciling people to the Catholic Church. This was enough. By a happy and unusual forgetfulness, if it was forgetfulness, or by the recollection of the power which the name of Preston still bore, he was spared the barbarous and habitual trial of the rack, which Father Campian and others suffered without mercy. The Catholic reader will recollect from the ever-memorable pages of the venerable Bishop Challoner how Elizabeth's privy-council tortured priests to make them reveal where they said Mass,



where they preached, and even the matter of confessions; but without success. Father Alfred Preston escaped this, and was reserved to be brought to a speedy trial for high treason. On an early day in March, having been previously arraigned, and having pleaded "not guilty," he was brought to trial in the Queen's Bench at Westminster. The attorney and solicitor-general of the day, and a third queen's counsel, were against him; and he defended himself. The same chief justice who had, as far as he was concerned, given Father Campian a fair trial, now tried Father Preston. England was in some amazement at these doings. The dreadful outrages of Henry VIII., his butcheries of queens, his judicial murders of his own kinsfolk, the burnings for all sorts of opinions inflicted by Cranmer, the executions of religious simply for denying his absurd and hateful claim to spiritual supremacy, the continuation of some of these things in the reign of the child whom he left to fill his throne, and the terrible measures which the advisers of Mary thought necessary, to destroy, if it were possible, the root from which most of those enormities had sprung,—these sad things, the fruitful source, even in our own day, of disunion and vindictive hatred, had in some measure familiarised the people with scenes of cruelty and suffering for religious opinions. But in a country which little more than twenty years before had been united to Christendom, and had formed one of the great body of kingdoms where the ancient, and we may indeed say the only known religion of Christ was practised, it was still a circumstance of mark and interest to witness the trial, hear the condemnation, and view the last agonies of a priest, so treated because he was one. Accordingly, Father Alfred Preston's trial brought a good many into court as listeners. It was also known that he was of gentle blood; a thing never undervalued in England. So they came to see the brave stag brought to bay.

Putting aside something of the cumbersomeness of the language of that day, we will give a short account of this trial.

After hearing his indictment read to him,—to the effect that he had conspired against the queen's majesty, and for the destruction of the religion established by her majesty in this realm; that he had countenanced an invasion of this country at Rome and Rheims; and that he had come to England, having been made priest in Rome, to seduce the queen's subjects from her majesty's religion, and their duties and allegiances to her,—he denied all treason and conspiracy, and project of invasion, and generally pleaded "not guilty" to the indictment; whereupon the queen's counsel spoke thus:

"My lord, your good lordship knows that there never was

such gracious peace and contentment in this most glorious realm of England as hath been ever since the queen's majesty came to the enjoyment of the crown royal, to these our own days. In which, God be thanked, we have enjoyed, and do yet enjoy, such blessings as I verily believe shall not elsewhere be found. Whereupon our great enemy, and hers, the Pope, the *antiquus hostis*, as I shall take leave to call him, much envying that we, who are separated from him, should have such success and prosperity, hath contrived, and doth now contrive, how he may spoil all. So here, of late years, have come unto us the new men of the new company of JESUS, as they will have it called, lately set up by one Ignatius, and confirmed at Rome by Paulus Tertius, of whom this Preston is one. And seminary priests, alas, also, of whom your lordship hath had experience, but with whom we have nothing to do this day. Known it is to all Europe with what infinite zeal Ignatius and his company have set themselves to the conversion of those whom they call heretics. Yea, that they even swear so to do. Also, it is known what deadly hatred, in special, the Pope and his cardinals bear to this realm of England, and to the queen's majesty that now is, the true, lawful, and undoubted successor to the crown imperial of England. How they labour with Spain to invade this her country, and to take away the crown from her head, and to set up in her stead a queen whose only affection is to Popery, and the rites thereof. And by just consequence knowing that we in England are much affected to men of our own tongue, and seeing that by native language plots and treasons are best devised and followed, this Pope cunningly persuadeth popishly inclined families among us to send their sons beyond seas, contrary to her majesty's good laws provided in that behalf, among whom that house of Preston is one, out of whom this man now here to be tried is sprung. And I pray your lordship to take good note of him, for we are told that he is a man learned beyond his fellows, very crafty and subtle, and was harboured with much privy in his brother's house at Preston Hall—alas, that I should say it—in this her majesty's realm of England. It is true, that he hath not been long in England, leastwise so far as we have any knowledge. But doubtless during the time that he hath been here, for all his privateness and retiredness, he has wrought all the mischief that a Jesuit can. Which, how much it is, your lordship well knoweth. And so I leave him to his trial."

Now, the trials in those golden, though, as we have observed, not immortal days, were conducted with a conversational freedom, with which, probably to our advantage, we



have ceased to be acquainted. It was a fair encounter of wits; a good set duel of words. Very exciting to the hearers, more exciting to the counsel, and most exciting, we should think, to the prisoners; the counsel arguing for promotion from the queen's highness, and the prisoners arguing that they might not be hanged, and then abdominally dissected during life. So, after this speech from the queen's counsel, Father Preston had his turn.

"I am," said he, "a priest, and a Jesuit. I am also her majesty's subject born. I never desired, nor intended to be subject of any other prince or potentate. I owe her my allegiance, and she has it. I never plotted treason against her at Rheims or Rome. I never desired to see the Spaniard in England. And I am sure that you can give proof of none of these things against me."

Then the attorney-general resumed the conversation.

"But, Preston, how is it that you shall be a true subject of the queen's highness, and yet be a true servant of the Pope, seeing that the Pope is the greatest enemy in the world to her majesty's laws and her religion?"

*Father Preston.* "I wonder much, Mr. Attorney, that one like yourself, read in the ancient laws of this realm, should make such an objection to me. I pray you, who appointed the bishops and archbishops of this country these thousand years past, till our fathers' times? Did not the Pope at Rome? Did he not often deny the king to have his own way in those spiritual matters; and yet, were they not good subjects of his crown imperial whom he appointed, and obedient to the laws and constitution of this realm?"

*Att.-gen.* "All this goeth for naught, Preston. By our laws there is now no Pope for England. His grace of Canterbury, next under the queen's highness, ruleth the Church in this province. Her majesty is supreme over all."

*Father Preston.* "I grant it willingly, saving in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical."

*Att.-gen.* "So, then, her majesty is not supreme?"

*Father Preston.* "No. Not over the Church of CHRIST."

Then witnesses were summoned. There were only two—Oreb and John Foxe. Oreb deposed that on the 18th November last past he saw a man dressed as a pedlar come into the courtyard of Preston Hall, who was at once admitted into the house. And that there was not, nor had been within his recollection, any such pedlar at Preston before. And that he watched, and never saw that pedlar go away from the house; nor did any neighbour, that he could hear. And how, on the day following, though no pedlar was seen about Preston Hall, there

should nevertheless appear a gentleman of worship, who went by the name of Esquire Ambrose Perkins, and that the prisoner at the bar was the same gentleman that was called Ambrose Perkins as aforesaid. And how, to his certain knowledge, Esquire Ambrose Perkins, that is to say, Father Alfred Preston, used to hear confessions and say Mass in a little chapel at the top of Preston Hall; for that he, Oreb, had crept up to the door after they were all at their Mass, and had seen them there, and, namely, Father Alfred Preston saying it. And that he had heard talk of it, and of the hearing confessions among the servants of the house.

Oreb looked rather abashed under Father Alfred Preston's eyes; but bore it pretty well, and was most familiarly and pleasantly drunk at night, in Eastcheap, with John Foxe the pursuivant; who next appeared.

John Foxe deposed to the finding of Father Alfred in the hiding-hole of Preston Hall, but declared, with evident compunction, that the massing furniture had escaped him; he could find it nowhere. However, there was the Breviary, and the most profane crucifix, which he had found in the hiding-hole with Preston. And, suiting the action to the word, he flung down both book and crucifix in a burly manner upon the table of the court. The chief justice, who had not quite forgotten what he had learnt when he was young, did, however, very nearly forget himself at this, gave a little start on his bench, and had almost blessed himself by mistake.

"*Quid adhuc desideramus testimonium?*" said the attorney-general; "what need have we of further witness? Here he hath told us himself that he is a Jesuit, that he has received holy orders abroad, that he denies the queen's highness's supremacy. And we have found him harbouring as a pedlar, and then as a worshipful esquire, and hearing confessions, and saying Mass, contrary to the religion now established and her majesty's laws in that behalf. He has also kept company with her majesty's enemies abroad; and there is no just reason for us to doubt that the man who was in companies where her majesty's death, or removal from the crown imperial, was propounded, should be a party also to the schemes himself. What more can we want? *Reus est mortis*,—he is guilty of death; and thereupon we demand the verdict of the jury. Give your verdict to her highness and your country."

The lord chief justice then turned to Father Preston, and addressing him with courtesy, told him that he had heard the charge and the proof against him. And that now he, the



chief justice, would sit there to hear his defence as long as he pleased.

Father Preston's defence did not occupy the good chief justice very long. The March evening was closing in. Every body had made up their minds as to the issue of the trial, none more decidedly than Father Preston himself. "I am accused," said he, "of serving a foreign prince, and giving to him the allegiance which I owe to my queen, which is false. But yet, Mr. Attorney and her majesty's counsel have so handled my cause as that these good men of the jury, albeit they are as honest as any in Westminster, may well be deceived by so artful practice. I have said with all sincerity, as I say again, that I profess myself, and am, her majesty's true and faithful subject; remembering what is said in the Gospel, *Reddite ergo quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari*,—render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. But, seeing that He that gave this precept said also, *et quæ sunt Dei Deo*,—and to God the things that are God's,—in that sense I obey the Pope. And truly he—the Pope—is a foreign prince. But, I pray you, was the Christian religion born in this realm of England? Is Bethlehem in any of her majesty's shires? Or does the Mount of Calvary stand here at Tybourne? So the religion itself is altogether foreign. And you got your religion in times past from that great Pope Elutherius, who sent missionaries here as the holy Pope that now is has sent me and others, who have come and intend to come, in spite of death, to reconcile those of this miserable country to the true faith and Church. I own all this. But as for treason against her majesty's person or government, I utterly deny it, in the presence of God and His holy angels, before whom you, my lord, and you, Mr. Attorney and queen's counsel, and you of my jury, must presently appear."

Such addresses as these, the truth of which every body knows who hears them, have nevertheless in Elizabethan, and indeed in other times, failed of their effect. Nobody had any belief—of all in that court—that Father Preston, or Father Campian himself, had any design against the queen. But it was convenient to assert the authorised delusion; and it could not be denied that, according to that law the ingenuity of which we have before noticed, obstinately refusing to take the oath of the queen's supremacy in spiritual matters was made treason. So, with this strange jumble of evidence before them, the jury were sent out to consider their verdict. They remained an hour in deliberation. Probably the scruples which the astute Cecil and Walsingham swallowed so easily, a little affected the less brawny consciences of these men. But

at the expiration of that time they came into court again with the desired verdict, and pronounced Father Preston guilty. The lord chief justice pronounced sentence in the usual form, and Father Preston was removed back to his prison. No satisfaction was expressed at the verdict by the hearers; but those who sympathised with Father Preston did not venture to give utterance to their horror. So here we have an early Elizabethan testimony against a foreign prince and a foreign God.

[To be continued.]

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R. P. S. ON THE DESTINY OF THE UNREGENERATE,  
IN REPLY TO J. S. F.

DEAR SIR,—I hope that you feel no displeasure at my having plunged your periodical into a controversy to which there need be no limits but those of the patience of yourself and your readers. I trust that I do not overstep those limits in asking you to allow me to reply to the letter and questions of “J. S. F.” in your last number.

The preamble of the letter I find more difficult to answer than the questions with which it concludes; for it consists of insinuations—gentle indeed, and courteous, and perfectly justifiable, but still insinuations—that I personally have no vocation to meddle with the matters on which I have written. J. S. F. commences his remonstrance by reminding me that the subject of original sin is one than which none can be more important, none on which it is more mischievous to speak incorrectly, more hazardous to speak any thing novel, any thing of my own. Then he goes on to say, that he cannot imagine that any part of this question has not been thoroughly discussed; and, apparently, concludes that my not having found a professed treatise upon the question must be attributed to my ignorance or carelessness rather than to the non-existence of the work. The most complete method of establishing this part of his case would have been to point out a book upon “original sin as affecting the destiny of unregenerate man,” instead of assuming its existence. I only say, that I have made inquiries of competent theologians, who have told me that there is no such book; and have searched in one of the best libraries of Europe without having found it. I do not say that it does not exist, but that it is very difficult to find;



more difficult than a book containing the answer to questions which at present so prominently occupy the popular mind ought to be. If no such book exists, the deficiency seems very natural; the destiny of those who are left in a state of nature is one that in itself has but little practical interest for theologians. "What have I to do," says St. Paul, speaking of the most vicious non-Christians, "to judge them that are without?" The question, What would become of us if we were not Christians? is a mere speculation for us. The one practical question is, What will become of us now we are Christians, or have had the opportunity of becoming such? Natural life may be life to the natural man, but "*none of us* will dare to think the life he now lives to be the true life."\* Till the subject was forced on theologians from without, it would be unlikely to occupy much of their attention.

Moreover, have theologians any more exhausted the field of theological speculation than philosophers that of natural science? The great root of Catholic doctrine is gemmed all over with eyes or germs, so minute as to escape attention, but vigorous enough to shoot out with wide ramifications when the surrounding conditions are favourable to their growth. Such occasions are the existence of speculative opinions analogous to, or of heresies opposed to, the dogma to be developed. As new generations of men, with new ideas, press round the root, it sends forth new fibres to meet their new wants. Thus an opinion never before mooted may suddenly occupy the thoughts of all professors and the pens of all controversialists. It would be curious to examine the history of the sudden and temporary developments of minor religious questions, to show how in different ages different observances or opinions have appeared to be the very turning-points of orthodoxy, till time has reduced them to their proper proportions; to trace them rising to the surface one after another, each occupying the whole attention of the speculators of its day, receiving more or less elucidation and definition, and at last becoming embalmed in a formula which is received, tolerated, or countenanced, as the case may be.

And what determines the succession of these points of controversy? Not the simple fancy of theologians. A man's speculations receive their main interest from their connection with the questions of the day: without this the most brilliant writings will fall flat. By it inferior productions are often brought into notoriety. The disputes which arise, not in the still waters of the Church's harbour, but in the stormy sea without,—the doctrines of the heretical bodies that rage round

\* St. Hil. Pict. in Ps. 118, v. 77.

her breakwaters,—are, as Dr. Newman says, “the indices and anticipations of the mind of the Church. . . . Heresies in every age may be taken as the measure of her thought, and of the movement of her theology; they determine in what way the current is setting, and the rate at which it flows.”\* Divines do not determine the movement of heresies; but heresies, by necessitating an antagonism, determine the thought of theologians.

Neither, again, do divines anticipate heresies, so much as heresies anticipate the divines. Dr. Newman shows how several heresies—such as Montanism or that of the Donatists—were but an impatient anticipation of doctrines and practices to which the Church, with more patient steps, was slowly wending her way. Individual fathers, or heretics themselves, furnished the “raw material,” which she gradually converted to her own uses. “Doctrine is percolated, as it were, through different minds, *beginning with writers of inferior authority* in the Church, and issuing at length in the enunciation of her doctors.”

These considerations serve to explain my feeling, that I have the right, if not the vocation, to discuss a question that has not been fully treated, and to propound views which are certainly no integral part of Catholic tradition; or if contained in its documents, are yet present in so occult a form, and are treated in so cursory a manner, that they can hardly be said to form part of the body of theological doctrines. It might be said that if the “spirit of the age,” the difficulties of Catholics, or the errors of heretics, required the development of such views, they would be produced in some other form than a letter of an anonymous scribbler to a miscellaneous periodical; that there is a legitimate authority to provide for these needs, without requiring a person without name or station to usurp the oracular office. But surely growth begins from below; the movement begins at the circumference, and gradually penetrates to the centre, where the infallible authority resides to give the final response, but not to take the initiative of the first questioning, and the earliest expression of the want. I do not know of a single case in ecclesiastical history where the decision of the central authority has anticipated the agitation of the circumferent masses. Heresies are but portions of such agitations: some phase of truth takes possession of a mass of men, to whom it presents itself as a contradiction to some current conception of Christian doctrine; for all popular error is based on some truth, real, though perverted. The denial of this truth only gives strength to the error. Success-

\* Newman, *Development*, p. 352.



fully to oppose the heresy, it is necessary not only to elucidate and secure the doctrine it attacks, but also to acknowledge the truth it contains, and to rectify this truth from the perversions to which it has been exposed. Thus, heresies serve a double purpose: they lead to the elucidation and security of the doctrine attacked; and they also lead to the clearer consciousness and acknowledgment of some other principle or truth which the one-sided and exclusive assertion of the doctrine had perhaps tended to compromise. In attempting to call attention to a neglected truth, I do not usurp the place of the doctor, but only do that which even heretics, or writers of inferior authority, are sometimes permitted to do. For myself I have no authority whatever, and I write anonymously, not only because my name would add no weight to my arguments, but also because it might, for all that I know, in some cases cause a prejudice against them. Authority, says Bacon, is like the long-bow; the force of the shaft depends on the muscle of the archer; argument, like a cross-bow, whose bolt is shot with equal strength by a child or by a giant.

Moreover, my anonymous disguise leaves me more at liberty to say things which people with names are afraid of uttering. Theologians in eminent places cannot be expected to risk their reputations by saying things that may be authoritatively proscribed. We in the lowest places deserve their thanks if we furnish to them the "raw material" on which they may use their keen-edged instruments of mental dissection.

I have further to make out a case for publishing such views to the miscellaneous readers of a periodical; and my apology is, that the errors I attempt to answer are now rife in every branch of English literature. English society is taught by nearly all its literary organs to treat the ordinary hell of the Christian priest as more or less a scarecrow. And this is not the case with Protestant writers only. In Mr. Digby's last book (*The Lovers' Seat*) I find the following sentences concerning exaggerated religionists: "The only preacher they like thoroughly is one who never tires of representing all the pains of hell as accurately as if he had passed many years in that republic . . . they see nothing but incentives to wrath on all sides; and making God to be like themselves, they believe that He must necessarily damn all the world . . . they are for terrifying babes with painted devils, but they know not how a soul is to be moved." It is the tendency of the age to scrutinise and to deny the Catholic doctrine of eternal punishment. This error is to be met, not by an obstinate adherence to old exaggerations, but by a frank acknowledg-

ment of the modicum of truth which *must* be concealed within a movement so universal and so popular. Many of the readers of the *Rambler* are laymen of education, persons who used to be supposed in another communion to have some authority in matters theological, and who still take great interest in the study and discussion of such questions. Some of them have frequent occasions for speaking to those whom no priest can approach, when they can explain the doctrines of the Church, and solve the difficulties of objectors. What is such a person to do if he is questioned by some young man, steeped in the universalist notions of the day, on the teaching of the Church with regard to the future state of unconscious infants and ignorant pagans who die without baptism? Is he to say bluntly that the "more Catholic" opinion is that they all alike go to hell, to the fire prepared for the devil and his angels, there to burn with them eternally? What would be the young man's immediate answer? That he never will believe a Church whose teaching commits such an outrage on the natural conscience, and on the deepest feelings of humanity. He will perhaps acknowledge that he had felt misgivings as to his own future lot, and that he was prepared to believe all that the Church threatened with regard to him, and to apply to her for means of saving himself; but when he found her opinions of the state of the infant and infidel so repugnant to natural equity, of which he was sure long before he ever heard of her claims, how could he feel more confidence in her opinion of his destiny? If she is wrong in a case which he can almost see and touch, how shall he trust her in things where he cannot test her truth? He is quite ready to cast his lot with these poor infants; if the Church has no more to threaten to him than to them, he has very little to fear. He would not like to be classed simply with Cain and Judas; but when all the crowd of infants and ignorants is added to them,—

"le turbe ch' eran molte e grande,  
E d' infanti, e di femmine, e di viri,"—

then, indeed, multitude gives confidence. He can easily bear all that justice can inflict on a body so constituted. To have such companions is sufficient surety against the misery denounced; with such, if with any,

*ἰσομοιρία τῶν κακῶν μετὰ πολλῶν, κούφισιν ἔχει μεγίστην.\**

There certainly has been an exaggeration on these points. During the Pelagian controversy the sufferings of unregene-

\* Thucydides.—"The sharing of evils with a multitude is the greatest alleviation."



rate infants were exaggerated, in order to induce an abhorrence of original sin. As for adults, the missionary who had to induce pagans to embrace Christianity would be tempted to paint their future lot in the blackest colours. In comparison to the supernatural life offered, natural life is but death; and the transition is easy from a comparative to an absolute death. It was also convenient to represent that state in as terrifying a way as possible. As the Roman schemer said,

“*Expedit esse deos, et ut expedit esse putemus*,”—\*

It is convenient that there should be gods; let us think them to be such as it is convenient they should be: so Christians, when they found how useful it was to work on the fears of mankind, were tempted to exaggerate the gloom of the natural destiny of man. “The name of torment,” says St. Thomas,† explaining away the hard things said by the fathers about the future state of infants, “of punishment, hell, and torture, and whatever similar thing is found in the writings of the saints, is to be taken in a wide sense for penalty, as the species for the genus. But the reason why the saints used such a mode of speaking, was in order to render contemptible the error of the Pelagians, who asserted that there was no sin in children, and that no penalty was due to them.” Such expressions should rather be “explained away than extended”—*potius exponendæ quam extendendæ*.

It appears certain that in the time of St. Augustine it was reckoned Pelagian to allow to unregenerate infants a natural beatitude. However, the opinion has gradually worked its way into the Church, and is now perhaps commonly held. “The loss of the vision of God,” says St. Thomas,‡ “is the proper and only penalty of original sin after death. . . . But in the other perfections and goodness which belong to human nature by its own right, those who are damned for original sin will suffer no detriment.” This is a specimen of the “anticipations” of heresies. In a similar way there appears now a growing disposition among theologians to admit the same thing with regard to “negative infidels,” whom they place in the same class with infants.

It was to prove this point, and no other, that I used the authority of Dante. I certainly never dreamed that I had found in his poem the true determination of the “very difficult subjects” of the “natural destiny” and “natural grace,” as J. S. F. seems to suppose. I maintain, however, that I had perfectly good reasons to use his authority in the way I did.

\* Ovid.

† Quæst. v. de Malo, art. 2, ad 1.

‡ In 2 Sent. dis. 33, q. 2, art. 1.

He has done what I at a long distance attempt to imitate: he has provided for the people, in their own language, a determination of questions which were discussed among theologians under the veil of a learned tongue and a scientific nomenclature. Moreover, he did it without authorisation, without being a clergyman, without any call to teach; and yet he was accepted as the popular teacher of the Catholics of Italy; his poem was the text-book of professors in the great universities of that country, and became an authority, of a different stamp, but equal in influence, to the writings of St. Thomas or St. Augustine himself. It was never proscribed by the Holy See; and for all that I can find, even the canto which I quote has not been blamed by any theologian except Berti, to whom St. Alphonsus was not disposed to attribute very high authority. Now this Dante speaks of the "multitudinous and mighty crowds of infants and of women and of men" whom he saw in "Limbus," and of whom his guide told him—"These sinned not; and if they had merits, it avails not, for they died unbaptised . . . . or if they lived before Christ, they adored not God duly. . . . For such defects," continues the guide, "*and for no other guilt*, are we lost, but only thus far punished, that without hope, we live in desire." It was from this very place that Adam, Abel, Abraham, and the other patriarchs had been rescued; here Dante converses with the ancient sages about "things which it is well to leave in silence, as it was well to speak of them there;" from which it is evident that he considered the knowledge of those spirits as extending to things which it is unlawful to utter on earth. Further, it is to be remarked that he places here not only the celebrities of Paganism, who never came into contact with Christianity, but also those of Mahometanism, who could scarcely have been in the same "invincible ignorance;" Saladin, who was even on courteous terms with the Crusaders, Avicenna, and Averrhoes. Now I submit, that before any one blames me for teaching the same things in the same way (making abstraction of poetry and style), he ought first to show that Dante was to blame. I use Dante, not as an authority for the things themselves—though he has become so, since his works have gone through so protracted an ordeal of ecclesiastical scrutiny,—but as an authority for me, for my own personal justification. I say, you cannot condemn me, unless you first condemn Dante.

And I go further, and say, that the fact of Dante's having, unrebuked, taught this to his countrymen for centuries, gives me a right to "blazon it to the universalist as *the* Catholic doctrine on the subject." I do not mean, of course, that it is



a dogma of the Church,—for the Church appears to have made no definition on the subject;—or that those who maintain the contrary are not Catholics. But I mean, that when the universalist asks me what is the Catholic opinion upon this subject, I shall tell him this, which I hold myself, without feeling it necessary to make the humiliating confession, that though my opinion is allowable, yet the more Catholic one, the more frequent in books, whatever it may be in popular belief, is, that even infants are subject to some sensible pains, and that all men who have ever attained years of discretion have had sufficient opportunities for salvation, of which some few scores of persons in infidel and heathen lands have probably made use, and have been saved, while all the rest are consigned to eternal torments.

I will now proceed to answer the questions which J. S. F. puts to me. He asks me whether I do not hold the following three propositions:

“1. Man has *in hâc providentiâ*, *i. e.* in the present scheme of providence, a natural end or destiny, namely, the natural knowledge and enjoyment of God.

“2. Man in his fallen nature (*in lapsâ naturâ*) may attain to his natural end by the observance of natural law, all the obligations of which he can fulfil by his own natural strength, aided by a special help of God (natural grace), and without the grace of Christ (*gratia Redemptoris*).

“3. Man in his fallen nature can, without being raised to the state of adoption, obtain the remission of mortal sin committed against the natural law.”

The first proposition I affirm, with some explanations. First, as regards the term *in hâc providentiâ*. Of course I do not mean by it, in the Christian dispensation, in the scheme of providence in which the lot of J. S. F. and myself are cast. I am talking simply of negative infidels, of infants and those who are theologically in the state of infants. For them, in the present scheme of things, there is a natural end. Secondly, I do not assert that man has a natural end, *and also a supernatural end*, as J. S. F. kindly concedes my meaning to be; but that man was originally created for, and still for the integrity and perfection of all his natural powers requires to be graced by, a supernatural destiny; but that where, through causes connected with the fall of man, and not through his own fault, he fails of this, there is a lower and substituted end which he can attain, where, though he cannot enjoy all that his beatified nature is capable of, yet he enjoys all, and more than all, that nature left to its own thoughts can imagine or wish for. Nature never dreamed any thing better than

Elysium, and *that* nature can gain. My assertion is, therefore, that man has a supernatural end, and in default of that, from causes which he cannot control, a natural end. Thirdly, I do not consider this natural end to be any thing metaphysically final and perfect. An immortal spirit can have no "last end" that is not eternal, and therefore infinite. A natural end can only be indefinite, and the enjoyment of it can never be perfect, but only, as I said in May, "provisional, successive, and progressive." A happiness made up of parts, none of which is perfect, but where hope gilds the future and makes up for present disappointment; where a fresh prospect comes into view the moment that the old one is lost, indefinite variety doing what it can to supply the place of the infinite. Therefore, fourthly, the word "end" in the expression "natural end," is not to be taken in a metaphysical, but in a moral sense; it means a good that can be naturally enjoyed, and may be a legitimate object of the actions and the aims of man. Theologians may despise such aims, and transcendental philosophers, who

"Dum vitant humum, nubes et inania captant,"—

rise from the ground, only to gain the less solid realms of cloud and vacuum, may despise the simple enjoyment of common minds;

"May view with anger and disdain  
How little gives them joy or pain—  
A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,  
A shell, a butterfly can do't."

But let divines and philosophers speak for themselves, and poets and the people for themselves. Theologians reckon a natural end to be mere misery; it is so for them. But for the natural man, what a happiness to fathom "this unfathomable world," this work so deep that man cannot find it out from the beginning to the end! which interests even the inspired prophet, who rejoices in God's works, who finds them great, and "exceeding deep." Surely,

"Though such motives folly you may call,  
The folly's greater to have none at all."

In the fifth place, I by no means confine this natural beatitude to the philosophic contemplation of God, but I also include in it, as I said in my letter, "a progressive insight into nature; perhaps an administration of some of the powers of the material universe." St. Augustine anticipates this employment for souls deprived of the beatific vision: "God wishes to put all orders of things under the orders of spirits: it is good for the universe that matter should be ruled even by re-



probate souls, because matter is far inferior even to a damned soul. The creature that sins is punished by creatures of an inferior order, which are so very low that they are honoured by being tended even by sinful souls. In a household there is nothing more noble than man, nothing more low than the cesspool; yet if a slave is detected in a fault, and punished by being set to clean out the cesspool, his degradation is the honour and ornament of the sewer, and so contributes to the harmonious economy of the whole." Again, "Every soul is more excellent than any matter, the lowest spirit than the highest material being, a damned soul than light itself."\*

Now it is unquestionable that to a soul which had "tasted of the heavenly gift," and the hope of the supernatural life, such employment would be perdition; the soul would be eternally punished by a disgust for its work, and by envy of those in a superior order. Yet since, as St. Thomas says, "no rational person is afflicted at not having that which exceeds his capacity, but only for wanting that of which he was in some way capable—as no wise man grieves because he cannot fly like a bird, or because he is not king or emperor, when such rank is not due to him. . . . therefore infants" (and I add, those in the state of infants), "who were never capable of gaining eternal life, because it is not due to them by principles of nature, since it is beyond all the natural powers, and who could never exercise the proper acts for obtaining this great good, will have no sorrow whatever for the want of the vision of God; on the contrary, they will rather rejoice in that they will have a large share of God's goodness and of natural perfections."† Such souls, who have had nothing but nature to teach them, will be conscious of no degradation in having to perform the menial offices of the universe, and to superintend the functions of nature. For what does nature teach? Man left to himself knows nothing but self; yet he has fear, awe, veneration, pointing to a higher being than himself. Who is this? God. And what is God? The Maker of the world. But how Maker? How can we, left to ourselves, imagine or invent a maker of whom the world is not at least a part? How can we suppose that all we see was once nothing, and that the only true Being is something that we can neither see, nor imagine, nor understand? No; man left to himself can only abase himself below things that are lower than he is, till the spiritual being venerates and worships that which is far inferior to it,—the earth, the sea, the stars, even plants, and brute beasts themselves!

\* St. Augustine de libero arbitrio, lib. iii. §§ 16, 24, 27.

† St. Thomas in 2 Sent. dist. 33, q. 2, art. 2.

To such a soul to be set over the operations which he formerly worshipped would appear to be a wonderful advance, would seem to fulfil all, and more than all, his wildest dreams of ambition.

I am aware that though a state of enjoyment is conceded to infants, the general opinion is, that as soon as man comes to the use of reason, he is bound to think of the salvation of his soul; if he does this, grace comes, and his original sin is remitted; if he does it not, such omission is a mortal sin. Thus St. Thomas, in a sentence I omitted from the last quotation, asserts that "every man having the use of free-will is capable of obtaining eternal life, because he can prepare himself to receive grace, by which he will merit eternal life. If he fails to do this, he will suffer the most acute sorrow, because he loses that which might have been his." But in order to obtain eternal life what are ignorants to do? "They must be faithful to the light which God gives them; they must abstain from idolatry, and from all evil that their conscience condemns; and at least once in their life supply for the want of the sacraments by an act of perfect love of God." But how can the three hundred and sixty millions of Chinese, in whose language there is absolutely no name for God that is not appropriated either to the heavens, or the emperor, or Buddha, or Confucius,—how can the degraded savages of Borneo and New Holland, of Africa and the Pacific islands, rise to such acts? In St. Thomas's time it was considered certain that no nation was without an idea of God. Modern discovery shows the futility of this opinion: perhaps no nation is known which does not preserve traces of a former knowledge of God, but many are known where there is no actual and present knowledge of Him, no name which the missionaries are able to apply to Him! What are we to think of these, unless we class them with the "negative infidels," with those infantine nations to whom Cardinal Sfondrati and Père Actorie assign a natural beatitude in the Limbus of infants?

Again, if there is no natural end of man, how do you justify God in permitting the death of infants? Divines tell us that "God is not bound to invert the established course of nature in their behalf; for logically considered, God first established the order of nature, then superadded the order of grace, which is thus subject to the vicissitudes of nature. Therefore, if nature causes a child to die before it can be baptised, it happens unintentionally on God's part (*præter intentionem Dei*)." But how, after we have been told that one soul is of more value than the whole material universe, can we believe that God would suffer such a soul to lose the



one only end of its existence (if there is only one such end), for want of the simplest interference with the common course of nature? It would be so easy to send a priest, to suspend the death for a few hours, to inspire some bystander with the idea of baptising the child, that we must have a very harsh idea of God if we believe that He would rather allow a soul of almost infinite value to perish, rather than interpose in so superficial a way. Yet it is unquestionable that He does allow the overwhelming majority of infants thus to perish, or rather, as Cardinal Sfondrati teaches, though they are lost to the beatitude of heaven, yet He reserves some other good for them, for they belong to another end and class of providence—*ad alium finem classemque Providentiæ pertinere*.

But further; does the difficulty end with infants? Does not the established order of nature take the precedence of the order of grace with regard to adults also? Does death wait for them till they have the opportunity of being called and instructed? Was there any interposition of Providence to direct apostles to those hordes of savages whose very being is a modern discovery, and the possibility of whose existence was strenuously denied by St. Augustine and St. Boniface? How can a man think of the salvation of his soul, when he does not think he has a soul to save?—of worshipping God, when his tribe has not even a name for God?—of avoiding sin, when the first duties he is taught are treachery to his neighbour, and cannibalism towards his foes? He knows no precepts beyond his own instincts; and the law of God can never be said to be so urgent upon him as to require us to believe that he has supernatural grace for its fulfilment.

We might go on step by step from these savages to civilised pagans like the Chinese; from these to the ancient Greeks and Romans; from these perhaps to those outcasts of religion in Christian countries who have been left in utter ignorance, who have been scandalised by false teachers, and to whom the claims of the Church were never presented so as to appear more probable than those of the sect to which they adhered. Providence acts towards all these as it does towards infants. No supernatural interposition interrupts in their favour the course of nature and of society. How far they may be in the case of infants, no one but God can decide; even the apostle disclaims the right of judging of their condition in His sight. "What have I to do to judge them that are without?" But if they are in the case of infants, then the natural end of in-

\* I allude to the denial of the existence of antipodes, which was on this very ground, that in that case there would be another world, to which Christ was not preached.

fants is offered to them for their pursuit; then, though excluded from supernatural happiness, they may look for a deathless enjoyment in the natural contemplation and love of God, in the study of nature, and in social life.

Baius was condemned for saying that God could not have created man at first in the same condition as he is now born; and also for declaring that the opinion of divines, that the first man might have been created and constituted by God without original justice, was false. I therefore affirm my right to hold that man is now born in a condition in which He might have originally created him, who can create nothing that is not very good, and that man might well have been created without the gift of original justice; without that gift, which alone enabled nature to aspire to the supernatural. Our nature, then, even when cut off from the supernatural, is in itself good, perfect in its own order, such as might have come forth from God's creative hand without being a reproach to His goodness or wisdom. But to make even a material organism without an object is foolish; how much more to affirm that an intelligent nature like man's could be without an end! And yet such an affirmation seems to be necessary, if you deny that man has a natural end, in *cases where all knowledge of the supernatural end is precluded*. If it be denied that such a case can exist in adults, at any rate it exists in infants, and they have a natural end, and therefore fallen nature has a natural end; but I affirm that it exists also for those adults who are theologically in the state of infants, and that many adults are in this state even after they have attained the use of reason. And this I shall hold till you can show me that the Church has defined that supernatural grace, in itself sufficient to raise to a supernatural state, is actually given to all men without any exception who have natural powers of reason, whether or not they ever heard of baptism, or Christianity, or even of God Himself; whether or not the claims of the Church were ever brought before them in a probable manner. God never leaves any rational man without all the aids necessary to enable him to perform that which he then and there knows to be his duty; but is it certain that the performance of this duty deserves a supernatural reward? Cannot a pagan exercise all the natural virtues that he knows of, without being justified? St. Thomas\* supposes the case of a person brought up in the woods, and in all things following the guidance of natural reason in the desire of good, and the avoiding of evil; and thinks it certain that in such a case God would send an angel to preach to him, or at least give him a private

\* De Veritate, q. 14, art. 11, ad 1.



revelation, rather than leave him unjustified. Here he concedes the possibility of a complete obedience to the known law of nature before justification, even though he seems to think that God would be bound to interfere with the course of nature, in order to bring such a person within the kingdom of grace. I cannot see why such a man's soul is of more value than that of an infant, for whose sake God is bound to no such interference, nor why such a man should not be as happy in the limbus of infants as the children themselves. Why should not the man die in the course of nature an hour before the arrival of the angel, as the infant dies before the arrival of the priest?

To affirm that God is bound to send this angel, seems to affix conditions to the freedom of God's choice. In calling men into the Church, how many men of unimpeachable lives does He pass over, and how many careless immoral persons does He select! As we have no right to say that our acts merit God's supernatural grace, I cannot see why we should hold that a man's natural virtues, however perfect, necessarily and certainly attract that grace. The reasons of God's choice are mysterious. The reasons why those not chosen are left, and the destiny for which they are reserved, are also mysterious—equally unknown and unknowable. We only know that those who are left are not reserved for the supernatural end of man. On what pretext dare we deny them a natural end?

The second proposition that J. S. F. calls upon me to affirm or deny is—"Man in his fallen nature may attain to his natural end by the observance of the natural law; all the obligations of which he can fulfil by his own natural strength, aided by a special help of God (natural grace), and without the grace of Christ (*gratia Redemptoris*)."

This I also affirm, with the following explanations and reservations:

1. In the non-Christian there is a fulfilment of the natural law which may merit a supernatural reward; namely, when the person has received the supernatural gift, and has been justified by the secret operation of God's grace. But there is also a fulfilment of it which may take place before, and therefore without justification, as in St. Thomas's wild man of the woods, who was obedient to the whole law before he had the supernatural gift. Yet before this grace, his virtue does not merit a supernatural, though it does deserve a natural reward.

2. I should be sorry to say that man in the state of nature can absolutely fulfil *all* the obligations of the law of nature.

I simply assert that man in the state of nature has natural grace amply sufficient to enable him to gain his natural reward, and to avoid the eternal punishment due to the criminal under the natural law.

3. Though natural grace may enable a man to fulfil the law of nature, it does not enable him to fulfil it in the same sense, in the same way, or for the same end, as the justified non-Christian may fulfil it. It enables him to fulfil it so far as is required for his natural, not for his supernatural end.

4. I do not deny that this natural grace is a portion of the grace of Christ overflowing beyond the bounds of His Church; on the contrary, I used the words, "one Redeemer gives efficacy to repentance and expiation in the natural as well as in the supernatural system; natural and supernatural grace are streams from the same fountain, though they do not conduct to the same ocean." And in a note I said that "His kingdom extends over many economies," and that the redemption "has a direct special efficacy on men in the state of nature, which, though not transferring the person from the natural to the supernatural order, yet authorises and gives validity to natural sorrow and repentance." It is only because theologians have given such a precise and technical value to the term *gratia Redemptoris*, that I was obliged to distinguish it from the natural grace, without for a moment intending to imply that there is any grace given to man which does not in some way come from our blessed Lord.

5. With respect to the reality of what I call "natural grace," I adduce the authority first of Perrone, who, however "shallow," (as some persons are pleased to call him), yet has the distinction of being the recognised Professor of Theology in the Roman College, under the eyes of the Pope and Cardinals, and whose shallowness is perhaps nearer to safe common sense than the philosophic profundity of more pugnacious divines.

Perrone, then, says,\* "If we are speaking simply of negative infidels, when we affirm that sufficient grace is provided for them, we do *not* mean that it is *supernatural both with respect to its substance and to its end*. For it is allowed that no graces properly called supernatural (even only with respect to their end) are given before the vocation to faith, from whatever quarter such vocation may come. . . . Wherefore the graces which we are considering, and which we prove to be given to infidels, are medicinal graces, by the *help of which they can fulfil the law of nature*, and overcome the difficulties opposed to its observance. But *the works performed by the*

\* Tract. de Gra. pars i. c. v. no. 437.



aid of these helps are limited to the order of moral virtue" (i.e. the natural order).

Perrone then goes on to say: "But if the infidels use these graces, greater help is given them, till at last God of His gracious goodness calls them to the supernatural end by the commencement of faith, occasioned either by preachers sent for the purpose, or by an angel, or by interior illumination, or by other means." But, I ask, what becomes of the infidel who dies while this work is going on; who is taken away before the transition from the "inchoate vivification" to "justification?"

My second authority is St. Augustine.\* Talking of the patience of heretics, by which they have sometimes suffered martyrdom rather than deny Christ, he says, "Is this patience, then, a gift of God? We must take care, if we call it a gift of God, lest we allow those who have it to be members of God's kingdom. Or if we deny it to be His gift, lest we be compelled to confess that without God's assistance and gift there can be any good in man's will. . . . Hence, as we cannot deny it to be a gift of God, we must understand that there are some of His gifts that belong to the children of the heavenly Jerusalem, the mother of us all, . . . and others which the children of the concubines can also receive, who are the carnal Jews, and schismatics and heretics. . . . Abraham in sending away the sons of the concubines gave them gifts, to prevent them being utterly destitute, not to constitute them his heirs. . . . If, then, we are the children of the free Jerusalem, let us understand that there are graces of the disinherited, and there are graces of the heirs; and those are heirs of whom it is said, 'Ye have received the spirit of adoption.'" Space will not allow me to do more than refer to two similar statements of St. Augustine (*contra Jul.* iv. c. 3, and *de Spirit. et Lit.* c. 27). With the countenance of these authorities I may perhaps be permitted to hold a "natural grace," a "grace of the disinherited," which enables them to perform the works of natural virtue, not for a supernatural, but for a natural end.

The third proposition, which I cannot find, "almost in the words in which it stands, repeated more than once," in my letter, as J. S. F. seems to be able to do, is as follows:

"Man in his fallen nature can, without being raised to the state of adoption, obtain the remission of mortal sin committed against the natural law."

I certainly do not hold this proposition, and I do not think that I ever wrote any thing like it. Mortal sin is that

\* Aug. de Patientia, cc. 24, 25.

which kills the supernatural life of the soul; the remission of mortal sin implies the restoration of this life. Original sin is the state of all who are not raised to the state of adoption, who therefore have no supernatural life, and are thereby in mortal sin. To say that a person continuing in this state can have a mortal sin remitted, is to say that a being who never had life can have life restored to him without living: it is like the story told of an Anglican confessor saying to a penitent, "I will give you absolution for your venial sins, but your mortal ones are too bad to be absolved." What I say is this: every one not raised to the state of adoption is, theologically speaking, damned; but the hell to which he is condemned contains all kinds of mansions, from Limbus to the deepest pit. If a pagan has committed murder or robbery, and thereby merited the pains of the pit, he can still, without meriting heaven, do a natural penance for his natural transgressions, can succour his fellow-creatures, can distribute alms, and show mercy on the poor, and become in all respects a good virtuous man, in spite of his former sin. At his death he will be damned (theologically speaking), but not to the pains which his youthful sins deserved, but to the Elysian joys which the virtues of his manhood have secured for him. This whole principle is laid down by St. Augustine, when he says *tolerabilius futurum judicium* to the heretic who practises the patience described in the last extract. The disinherited may render his "damnation more tolerable," may deserve to be sent not to the lowest, but to highest place of hell, not to the pit, but to Elysium, by making use of the natural grace, the "grace of the disinherited." By his penance he does not inherit eternal life, therefore his sin remains mortal; but he inherits Elysium instead of the pit, *therefore his penance is efficacious to the forgiveness of his sin within the order of nature.*

I believe I have now answered all J. S. F.'s questions; but I wish to say a few words concerning my theory of the beatific and damnatic vision. As the beatific vision is the one supernatural end of man, as it is his joy in heaven, and his hope in purgatory; where, as Dr. Newman says, the soul lives on the momentary vision of its Judge, one glance of whom is sufficient for a century of sorrow in the nether earth;—so this vision ought to be the great penalty of hell: the sinner here never sees God; he must see Him at the judgment, or he will never know what he has lost; and this glance will embitter hell to all eternity. But now, as the gift of faith in this world is necessary for the vision of God that is to make us happy, why should it not be necessary for the vision that is to make



us miserable? To see God requires a supernatural gift. Is it likely that those who have died without this gift will have it conferred on them after death, simply to make them miserable? As the tree falls, it lies; that which falls in the natural state, and that which falls in the supernatural state, remain as they fall.

But further; even some supernatural graces can be received without raising the recipient to a supernatural state. Baius was condemned for rejecting the distinction of grace of the spirit moving the heart, but not yet inhabiting it, and grace of the indwelling spirit, whereby we are justified. Attrition is a gift of the former kind; and as it avails not for salvation without the sacrament, it is evident that, though a supernatural gift, it is insufficient to raise the recipient to a supernatural state. It disposes to the higher state, but does not confer it. Can we say that it has more effect for hell than heaven? that it avails more for punishment than for salvation? that it confers no right to supernatural happiness, but gives a liability to supernatural pain? St. Gregory Nazianzen,—“the only one of the fathers,” says Père Lallemant, “whose works contain no errors that have been condemned by the Church,” none of whose opinions St. Thomas will allow to be erroneous,\* and whose authority in Christian doctrine is so great, that no one ever presumed to calumniate his statements, any more than those of Athanasius, as St. Jerome says,—St. Gregory of Nazianzen, then, in his fortieth oration, speaking of those who have died without baptism, “either through being infants, or through some altogether involuntary accident preventing their reception of the gift even though they desired it”—who have “missed baptism through ignorance, or the tyranny of circumstances which unexpectedly deprived them of the power of receiving it,”—these, he says, “will neither be glorified nor punished by the just Judge; for though they were not baptised, they are without malice, and rather suffered than committed the loss.” There is, I know, a “baptism of desire;” there is a longing and a love which supersede the need of the sacrament: St. Gregory is not contemplating this perfect desire, but the ordinary good intentions, which, without the sacrament, do not justify. The man who dies in such does not gain heaven; but neither is he tortured in hell. “Not every one that deserves not punishment, thereby merits glory; nor is every man who merits not glory, thereby deserving of punishment. I consider the thing in this way. If you think that a man is a murderer who has not committed murder in act, but only in wish, you may consider him baptised who has

\* Summa, pars i. q. 62, art. 3, in corp.

wished for baptism without receiving it: if you do not admit the former, I do not see how you can admit the latter. Or if you prefer it, let us put the case thus: if you think that the desire of baptism is as good as its reception, and a ground for demanding glory, then reckon the desire of glory to be glory. For how can it hurt you to be without it when you are desirous of it?" So far St. Gregory. Whether St. Hilary\* of Poitiers had the same opinion in view when he distinguished two states of blessedness,—that of those who fulfil the law of nature, and that of those who by grace fulfil the law of Christ, inscribing the former in "the book of the living," and the latter in "the book of the just,"—is more than I can pretend to say.

St. Gregory, then, is distinctly of opinion that the reception of graces short of justification, though it does not confer a title to glory, yet, instead of aggravating the condemnation, exempts from punishment. This exemption from supernatural punishment, coupled with the preservation of the gifts of nature, I call the natural end of men: minds enlightened by supernatural grace may look higher, but this end is sufficient to content the general quality of men. "To small and abject minds," says St. Gregory in the same oration, "it seems a great and magnificent thing to escape punishment." This exemption is reserved for infants, for persons who die while desiring baptism, and yet without the perfect love of God which supplies for the want of the sacrament, and for all other unregenerate souls who have done what they could with the means at their disposal. The class below these are unregenerate sinners, criminals in the order of nature, who are punished in various degrees by the *pœna sensus*, but to whom the *pœna damni*, or loss of God, does not amount to a supernatural torment, because they have never had a supernatural connection with God, or a supernatural knowledge of Him. Below these are sinners against the supernatural law; sinners who have done violence to the spirit of adoption once given to them; sinners who have once tasted of the deific gift, of whom it is said, "whoever defiles the temple of God, him shall God destroy." These, who have fallen away after having been made "partakers of the Holy Ghost," cannot be renewed again to penance,—that is, probably, cannot be replaced in the same state in which they were before baptism. To such wilful sinners after receiving the knowledge of the truth, "there is left (says the apostle) no more sacrifice for sin, but a dreadful expectation of judgment, and the rage of a fire which shall consume the adversaries" (Heb. vi. 4, and x. 26). Then St. Paul

\* In Ps. lxxviii. s. 24.



goes on to contrast the punishments under the Mosaic and the Christian dispensation. The transgressor of the former "dies at the hands of two or three witnesses;" the Christian sinner "falls into the hands of the living God Himself:" He will repay, He will take the vengeance into His own hands, He will be the judge of His own people; nay, more, He will be their punishment, their pains, as He is the joy of His elect. "God is a consuming fire,"—the unquenchable fire that burns within the consciences of the damned; as He says by His prophet (Osee v. 12): "I will be as a moth to Ephraim, and as rottenness to the house of Juda;" a torment as intimate and intrinsic as the moth in a garment, or as rottenness in the bones. This is what I mean by the damnific vision; a supernatural knowledge of, and connection with, God, which enhances the *pœna damni* into the most agonising of all torments, which makes it a supernatural pain, in contradistinction to the merely natural and limited regret which it causes in those who have never had the means of knowing what they have lost.

I must now conclude, with disclaiming any intention of being offensively dogmatical. I do not hold Mr. Mozley's theory of contradictory truths; and therefore, as at present advised, I believe and hope that the views contradictory of mine are false. However, as I know that I have received no private revelation, and as I believe the Church to be the guardian of God's truth, I am ready as a Christian (if required) to give up what I have argued myself into believing as a student of philosophy.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. P. S.

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### Reviews.

#### HAXTHAUSEN'S RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

*The Russian Empire; its People, Institutions, and Resources.*

By Baron von Haxthausen. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall, 1856.

WE have here another work by the learned author of *Transcaucasia*. Baron von Haxthausen is an authority for every thing connected with the Russian empire, very few Russians themselves even understanding the principles and theory of the Russian government so well as he does, while to western Europeans the social institutions and resources of the empire have hitherto been a sealed book. We have indeed heard a

great deal of Siberia, of the Cossacks, serfdom, the Greek church, and the autocratical government of Russia; but there our knowledge ends. Baron von Haxthausen puts all these things in such a new light, that we give our readers a *résumé* of those parts we think will be most interesting to them, at the same time recommending those who may wish to know more of the subject to read the book for themselves.

To Catholic readers the condition of the Russian church, and the different sects springing from it, or existing side by side with it, will be naturally the first subject of inquiry.

We may observe that the state of religion in Russia is scarcely understood in England. People who think that the government is as autocratical in religion as in every thing else, are very much mistaken. Baron von Haxthausen justly observes that the national character and life, the social and political institutions of a country, can never be rightly appreciated, unless its religious condition is understood: this, therefore, has been the main object of his inquiries, and he considers that he "knows more on the subject than most other foreigners, or even the majority of the Russians themselves."

Undeniable traces of Gnostic conceptions prevail among some of the religious sects of the Russian empire. Whether these came directly from the East, the native land of Gnosticism, or were derived from the West subsequently to the seventh century, it is impossible to say. Among them we do not find the philosophical subtleties that prevailed among the contemplative people of the East; but we have isolated ideas that lead to the most frightful fanaticism.

First come the sect of the Morelstchiki, or self-immolators, wholly or partially. The Russian government has not been able to discover all their ideas. The conception of "baptism by fire," and a dreadful interpretation of that passage of St. Paul, that we must be saved yet so as by fire, is the only one of their doctrines known. That there exists a secret sect, with peculiar doctrines, and a system, is certain. Nearly every year the following scene occurs in some part of the empire, chiefly in the north. A large hole is dug with peculiar and solemn ceremonies. Straw, wood, and other inflammable materials, are collected round it. Then a small congregation of these fanatics, sometimes a hundred, leap in, set fire to the fuel, singing wild songs, and burn themselves to death with stoical indifference. The neighbours come to see, but no one interferes; the immolation is sacred; they are receiving the baptism of fire.

Next come the sect of the Skoptzi (eunuchs). It is not certain whether they erroneously interpret certain passages of



the Holy Scripture, or whether they believe it to have been tampered with and interpolated, and that "the true Gospel was in their exclusive possession, but was hidden in the wall of the cupola of the church of St. Andrew at St. Petersburg, by Peter III., one of themselves, and a new emanation of Christ." Their doctrines are, that in the beginning God the Father was alone and indivisible; that He made the world, and revealed Himself in Christ, as the Son, who was consecrated by God, and pervaded by His Holy Spirit, who in his turn spoke by the inspiration of God, but was not God. Christ, they say, never died, but wanders without sex (which His disciples try to imitate) on the earth in one form or another. At present he is Peter III., who was not put to death, but fled to Irkirtch; from whence he will come and summon the Skoptzi by ringing the great bell in the Kremlin at Moscow, and then will commence his everlasting empire. The Skoptzi are very numerous and rich; most of the jewellers and goldsmiths at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, Odessa, and other large towns, belong to them. They are allowed to have one or two children before they are made eunuchs. They are very zealous in making converts, and will pay large sums for one,—sometimes several thousand roubles. They are, as well as the Morelstchiki, a prohibited sect; but being very rich, the police are able to discover their money much oftener than their persons.

The next sect are the Khlistoustchina—the self-scourgers and mortifiers. Nothing certain is known of their doctrines and belief. In their meetings they jump about in circles and flagellate themselves. A vessel containing water stands in the room, which they drink and dip their hands into when fatigued. Suddenly all the lights are extinguished, and the most horrible and disgusting orgies take place. At Easter they choose a virgin fifteen years old to represent our Lady. They cut off her right breast, cut it up into little pieces, and distribute it as a sort of communion of the breast that nourished our Lord.

Next come the Bezlovestnie, or the dumb. When a person joins this sect he immediately becomes dumb. Government officials have tried torture, and all sorts of means, to make them speak, but without success.

These are the four chief sects who subject themselves to voluntary martyrdom. Next in order come those who embrace certain mystical doctrines or conceptions. The chief of these is the sect of the Beatified Redeemer. There is a legend of the Eastern Church, based on the miracle of St. Veronica, that "a Byzantine emperor, a very pious man, had

once the greatest longing to see Christ with his bodily eyes. Our Lord appeared to him in a dream, in the glory of His transfiguration, and pressed a cloth which lay on the emperor's bed on His sacred countenance. When the emperor awoke in the morning he found the cloth, and the likeness of Christ imprinted on it." This picture constitutes the central point of the worship of this sect; all other pictures, and every other worship, is strictly forbidden. There are many other sects of the same sort: one, the Subotniki (sabbatarians), are now very much on the increase; they resemble the Sadducees in doctrine, and practise necromantic arts.

One of the most powerful of all the sects are the Starovertzi, or the old believers. They have such a mysterious influence in all questions of legislation, church affairs, and internal politics, that people, when any thing new is on the *tapis*, first ask themselves, What will the Starovertzi say? They are the incarnation of the old Russian element—the un-Europeanised part of the nation—and are much more simple, moral, and sober, than the rest of the people. They consider all the innovations of Peter the Great and the patriarch Nikon as heretical abominations; they hold it to be heretical to use printed books, to shave, to make the slightest alteration in ecclesiastical ornament, in church music, or in the office-books, even although the greatest corruptions have crept into them during the long period of Tatar rule, or even to taste any food not used by their ancestors, as potatoes, tea, and coffee. Any union of the Latin and Greek Churches is an impossibility as long as this sect exists in its present strength. They look on the present government even now as abettors of the "Latin heresy," for continuing the "innovations" of Peter the Great, who ordered the new year to begin on the first of January, instead of the first of September, and the years to be reckoned from our Lord, instead of the Creation, in imitation of the "Western heretics." They consider Peter himself the Antichrist who should change times and seasons, thereby inclining to the Poles and Roman Catholics, instead of the orthodox Church. This sect has a certain amount of education, in which they are much superior to the other Russians. They can read and write, though they will only use the old Slavonic letters. They know the Bible almost by heart, and are fond of exercising themselves in theological subtleties. Here is a specimen of their arguments. Q. Art thou a Christian? R. Yes. Q. Does not Christ say, "I am come, not to abolish the law, but to fulfil it?" Is not the law of which He speaks the law of Moses? Does not Christ often refer to the law, and command us to obey it? Is it not clear



from the New Testament, that whatever in the law of Moses has not been expressly abolished by Christ continues binding upon Christians? But the ten commandments incontestably belong to those laws which are retained; and it stands written, in the nineteenth chapter of the book of Leviticus, where the ten commandments are expounded, "Ye shall not round the corners of your head, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." A Staroveretz was once arguing with a Catholic, who asked him if he did not know that in the ancient times the Pope of Rome was regarded the supreme head of Christendom? He answered, Yes; but that a Pope named Formosus introduced the heretical custom of making the cross with the three first fingers; that all true believers then abandoned him, and after his death dug him up, and cut off his fingers. What a singular tradition! Barcnus says that in the ninth century Stephen VI. ordered his predecessor Formosus to be dug up and beheaded: were his fingers cut off too?

It was the policy of the Emperor Nicholas to try and conciliate this powerful sect. This is the real secret and source of all his persecutions against the Catholic Church. From this arose the persecution of the poor nuns of Minsk, and the Catholics in the other parts of the empire. The Russian government conceded every main point in dispute to these fanatics—declared their liturgy and customs not heretical—set its face against every thing they called innovations of the western Church, and only asked that their priests should be ordained by the national bishops: but very few of them were thus gained over. The only possible way, it seems to us, is to conquer their absurd nationalism by education. It is clear that whilst this sect exists in its present strength, any attempt of reconciliation with Rome, were the emperor even so disposed, would cost him his throne. They are not found so much among the nobility, but abound among the great merchants and manufacturers who have sprung from the peasant class. The clergy of the orthodox Church are not sufficiently educated to cope with them; we therefore hope for the improvement of the national Church, as an authority much more likely to hear reason than all these sectaries. What are we to think of men who refuse to smoke tobacco because the Scripture says, "Not what goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but what cometh out of it;" and in whose case the requirement of an oath of allegiance is obliged to be given up, on account of their steady refusal to swear fidelity to a man in a cocked-hat and sword, instead of a crown and white robe, as the czar is represented in their ancient office-books? The

sect is now divided into three, which have some respective unimportant peculiarities.

One reason why the Starovertzi are so formidable a sect is, that they are supported by a large political (the old Russian) party, who, although they do not go the length of making a religious question of their principles, nevertheless loudly condemn the whole tendency of every government since the time of Peter the Great to introduce the political institutions, manners, and education of the West. They demand that this policy shall be abandoned, and every thing foreign eradicated, while all that is national shall be revived and fostered. The persecutions of the Catholic Church in Nicholas's reign, through this sect and party, must not be confounded with the partially successful attempt to gain over the Rusniaks, or Polish serfs, to the Russian national Church. The cause of the former was religious bigotry; but of the latter, a political consideration, dating from the time of Catharine II., who, although supremely indifferent herself to all religion, made the utmost exertions to separate the Rusniaks from Rome, in order more effectually to destroy Polish nationality; and the same policy has been continued to this time. To effect her object, she obtained a decree of the holy governing synod of the Russian Church, declaring that the doctrines of the United Greeks, to whom the Rusniaks belonged, were the same as those of the national Church, and on this plea Russian bishops and priests were put over them. This policy has been in a great measure successful.

We now come to another class of sectaries. Those we have just been speaking of have separated from the Church on a, so to say, conservative principle. In the following we shall see the elements of a reform threatening a dissolution of the fundamental principles of the Church. The former are the petrification of the external Church, the latter the volatilisation. These are divided into two classes; the Molokane, who answer to what are known in this country as "orthodox Protestants," and the Dukhobortzi, who more resemble the Anabaptists under John of Leyden. From these two classes we cannot help anticipating a no very distant internal revolution of the eastern Church. In fact, she is precisely in the same position towards these sectaries as the Latin Church was at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the latter had an independent (the scholastic) philosophy; a powerful and consistent theology; high spiritual tendencies; and new, vigorous, and effective ecclesiastical institutions, particularly in the monastic life; and above all, a loadstar and an anchor in the Holy See as a *centrum unitatis*. Yet, in spite of all



this, even she witnessed the secession of one-fourth of her members. What chance, therefore, has the eastern Church when the real contest comes? She is merely a lifeless national log of wood, with external forms indeed, but no spiritual life. In Greece the same lot awaits her, where the American missionaries are now actively engaged in playing the same part as the Protestant sects in Russia. The fundamental principle of all these sects is, that it is necessary to give up all external forms in order to discover and awaken the pure spiritual essence of Christianity. We shall not describe the Molokane, as they exactly resemble our ordinary Protestants. But the ideas of the Dukhobortzi are too curious to be passed over in silence. We cannot better elucidate this oriental-looking heresy than by quoting a discourse by the head of the sect. He taught the transmigration of souls. Christ is born again in every believer; God is in every one. When He descended into the individuality of Jesus as Christ, He sought out the purest and most perfect man that ever existed. Where has the individual soul of Jesus been? It animated another human body. He said, "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Every man whom the soul of Jesus successively animates is conscious of His presence. In the early ages it animated the Popes; they, however, soon fell away from the faith. The Dukhobortzi are the only true believers, of whom Christ said, "Many are called, but few chosen." The soul of Jesus always animates one of them. "Now," continued the blasphemous preacher, "as truly as the heaven is above me, and the earth under my feet, I am the true Jesus Christ, your Lord; fall down, therefore, on your knees, and worship me." And they fell down and worshipped him.

When this man died, the soul of Jesus descended to his son; he, however, took to drinking, and became unconscious of his high honours, to the great scandal of the elect. On the dissolution of order among them, thus caused by the drinking propensities of this manifestation of the Deity, the tyranny of the leaders and elders commenced. They constituted themselves a terrible inquisitorial tribunal. The sentence, "Whoso denies his God shall perish by the sword," was executed, according to their caprice, with stern rigour. The house of justice was called "Paradise and Torture;" it was on a lonely island in the mouth of the Milk river. A mere suspicion of treachery, or of an intention to go over to the Russian Church, was punished with torture and death. Two hundred people disappeared before it attracted the notice of the government, in the scarcely inhabited country where they dwelt. After a judicial investigation, in which many bodies were found which

had been buried alive, and many mutilated, the Dukhobortzi villagers where these atrocities took place, not the whole sect, were transported to the Transcaucasian provinces.

Curiously enough, they were met by a German Protestant traveller, named Wagner, on their journey, and he tries, in a book he has just published, to enlist the sympathies of our Protestant fellow-countrymen in their behalf, and describes all the Russian officials as monsters of persecution. Among their other doctrines, this sect holds that the cities of the saints are open to all comers, like the cities of refuge in Leviticus; so it may easily be imagined what a pest their villages became, from the crowds of persons flying from justice who became converts to their opinions. Dr. Wagner owns he knows nothing of their doctrines; but he says false accusations were trumped up against them by the Russian government, in order to get rid of them. Besides, the Molokane are not persecuted, because harmless, although a much more dangerous sect to the Russian Church. We are no friends of the Russian government; but the devil should not be painted blacker than he is. As a specimen of Dr. Wagner's ignorance of what he writes about, take his description of the Molokane as an ethnological tribe, like the Finns and Tatars, instead of a religious sect, the word meaning "milk-consumers;" and they are so called from their not fasting, milk being forbidden by the Russian Church on days of fasting and abstinence. In his description, too, of the Starovertzi, he confuses them with the Skoptzi, and is thus the inventor of a new sect, existing only in his own imagination.

The Russian sectaries may thus be divided into three great classes: first, the original sects that are derived from the early heresies of Christianity; secondly, those who object to any reform in the national Church; thirdly, the Protestant reformers of that Church who have arisen since the time of Peter the Great.

Besides all these sects, there is a powerful party in Russia, the disciples of Voltaire. They exist principally among the nobility; but differ from the same party in western Europe by conforming to the external observances of the Church. It has always been the case, that a certain class of educated minds, not having the power of distinguishing between religion and superstition, have looked upon all the atrocious and absurd fanaticism they see around them as a proof of the mischief of religion, and who, when they see it used as a stalking-horse to acquire wealth or power, or for the purposes of oppression, which unfortunately has too often happened, think to cut the knot by abolishing religion altogether. It is



an old story,—precisely the argument Lucretius draws from the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis:

“Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta,  
Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis aram  
Iphianassai turparunt sanguine foedè  
Ductores Danaum delecti, prima virorum—  
Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.”

No fear, in our opinion, need be entertained of these men. Voltaire was, after all, but a bad imitation of Epicurus. Man is too religious an animal for this party to gain a lasting influence. A name may be worshipped for a few years, as Epicurus was by his followers:

“Tu, pater, es rerum inventor, tu patria nobis  
Suppeditas præcepta, tuisque ex, inclute, chartis,  
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta,  
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ;  
Nam simul ac ratio tua cœpit vociferari  
Naturam rerum, laud divinâ mente coortam,  
Diffugiunt animi terrores.”

Now, the modern Voltaireanism is but a rehash of the old Epicureanism. Rational pleasure without religious fear may be preached, but it will end in a simple gratification of the animal passions. A sect like this may begin with would-be philosophers, but it will end with hogs—*Epicuri de grege porcos*. It is curious that Catharine II. was, of all the sovereigns of Europe, the one Voltaire and his associates took most pains to flatter, Frederick of Prussia not excepted. Infidel philosophers lauded her unjust conquests and oppressions in the last century, just as infidel poets and stockjobbers got up the Greek insurrection for the benefit of Russia in this, and Fox and Whitbread joined in the chorus, saying that mankind would be largely benefited by the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire. No wonder, therefore, that a feeling of gratitude drives many of the Russian nobles into espousing the views of that party.

The state in Russia has brought the national Church completely under subjection. No Church can exist without a central direction. This the Catholic Church most happily finds in the Pope. His independent position, and his elevation above all nationality, enables him to exercise towards every nation and every state a uniform equity and justice. The patriarch of Constantinople formerly occupied this position towards the eastern Church; but he was too dependent, first on the Greek emperors, afterwards on the sultans, for the Russians to trust him. They therefore established a na-

tional patriarchate at Moscow. But Peter the Great felt that a purely national patriarchate would gradually have led to the greatest intolerance and persecution. The intolerant sect of the Starovertzi would most likely have been the established religion. Peter therefore instituted a governing synod, thus securing to himself and the state an entire control over the external affairs of the Church. This, when not influenced by the Starovertzi, as they, however, became in Nicholas's reign, has managed to secure a toleration and moderation necessary for the welfare of all. Without it life in Russia would be insupportable to those not of the established religion.

The besotted and lifeless national Church is the great obstacle to the conversion of the Mahometan and pagan Asiatic races. If, for instance, the intellectual and amiable Tatars of Kasan were converted to Christianity, they would become one of the most civilised nations, and spread civilisation and Christianity through the numerous Tatar tribes of Asia; but the incapacity of the Russian clergy for the office of missionaries is the chief cause of failure, and the government will not allow their conversion to any other than the national Church. The Tatars in Kasan are superior to the Russians around them in a spiritual and moral point of view; and they will not accept Christianity till it exhibits its innate moral and spiritual superiority, and the germs of the higher civilisation that dwells in it. The Russian Popes are as foolish as the Protestant missionaries in converting the Mahometans and pagans. The printed Bible is not, indeed, the wonderful talisman they work with; but their efforts are confined to exacting these three promises from their catechumens,—to allow their hair to grow, not to eat horse-flesh, and to venerate pictures; and then they baptise them without the slightest spiritual instruction. No wonder that only the *canaille* are found ready to change their creed under this system; while the educated Tatars laugh, and true Christians weep, at the farce thus played. The same thing occurs among the Ossetians, one of the Caucasian tribes. Queen Thamar is said to have converted them to Christianity in the twelfth century; but they long ago relapsed into paganism. The Russians send popes among them, and give a linen shirt and silver cross to all who are baptised; the consequence is, that many of them have received this sacrament four or five times. As no spiritual life whatever remains to the Russian Church, the necessity of fasting and kissing pictures is all that is preached to this people. Two powerful tribes among them were opposed to one another, in consequence of a dispute originating in a murder; they agreed to end it, when, on balancing the murders com-



mitted on both sides, they found a small preponderance against one of the tribes. The one who had suffered most received a certain number of children of the other to square matters. They were barbarously butchered, and then peace was concluded. The popes did not interfere, but admitted the murderers to the sacraments as a matter of course; whereas a small breach in fasting must be atoned for by extraordinary penances. Capuchins\* have long been settled in Georgia and Imeritia; but they are strictly forbidden to make proselytes even among the Mahometans and heathen, who sometimes present themselves at the convent-gates, and beg admittance into the Church. Some young Catholic Imeritians ardently desire to become priests, and receive their education at Rome; but the government will not let them go. No Jew, Mahometan, or pagan may become Christian, if he will not enter the national Church. Many Jews have wished to become Catholics, but have been persecuted in consequence. The government had better break off altogether from the furiously bigoted sect of the Starovertzi, and go back to the policy of Peter the Great. Do all it can, it will never conciliate them. Let us hope that the reign of Alexander II. is the beginning of a new era. Is it any wonder that a people, not allowed to be taught any real Christianity, should break out sometimes into the most fearful extravagances, and that, seeing the inefficacy of lifeless forms, they should run into the opposite extreme?

It is generally known and acknowledged that the Russians are a very religious people. The natural affection, the love and attachment he has for his parents, are elevated in him to religious veneration and unconditional obedience. He entertains the same feeling towards the czar as a father over him; and as the czar is his father, so all the Russians are his brethren; he calls them *brat* (brothers), an irresistible feeling based on a sentiment of religious unity:

"The soil, the country Russia, was given to his forefathers, to himself and his brethren, by God; his ancestors are buried there. He lives upon the soil which is thus consecrated, and will one day cover him. This love of country, elevated to a religious feeling, in which the Russian's idea even of the Deity enters, as in a manner a national God (Russki Bog), and in which the country, the people, and the Church, with the white czar appointed and consecrated by God, are one, is the source and foundation of the unity of Russia, and of its moral and material power."

The Russian, however, has very little knowledge of dogmas. He receives little instruction on doctrinal points, and is

\* They were afterwards expelled from Russia by order of Nicholas.

in this respect in a state of the most childlike ignorance. Among the sects alone do we find any religious knowledge or logical acuteness. How lamentable that there is no one to teach him that Christ established a religious unity beyond the confines of national states; and as the czar is the father of the Russian people, so there is a common father of Christendom, to whom all Christians should look as a *centrum unitatis*, and whom all should equally obey! How gloriously Catholic would Russia become, did she consider that God did not only give Russia to the Russians, but the earth to man!

Peter the Great was the first man who took in hand the civilisation of the Russian empire; but he did not succeed in his task. By dressing his subjects in French court-costume and shaving off their beards, he could not make them civilised men. Now, for the first time, after two hundred years of toil, can the education of the higher classes be said to be completed. And through their having had foreign instructors from their childhood, and being sent to reside in foreign lands, it has proceeded rapidly. Civilisation is only the result of a long internal development; it cannot be acquired suddenly. The nations of western Europe have been passing through its stages for centuries. It would have been impossible to educate the people without first civilising the higher orders. The education and civilisation of the clergy is the next step to be attained; and this the government has been engaged in for the last twenty years. They are now being prepared in theological schools to become the instructors of the people.

Turning now to secular affairs, it is to be observed that the difference between Russia and the other nations of Europe is, that the life of the latter is based on feudalism, that of the former on the patriarchal system. Democracy below, and autocracy above, are the two poles within which Russia lives; but fortunately for her they are both of a patriarchal nature, and rest on the popular instincts and religion. The father is the head of the family; all the rest have equal rights. The father has the entire disposal of all the property, and assigns arbitrarily what belongs to each. The village is the family enlarged. The starosta, or head of the village, is elected by universal suffrage. Villages are united into communes, and the head (*starshina*) is elected by all the heads of families in the united villages; the union of these communes forms a district (*volost*); the chief (*golava*) is elected for three years. Then comes the circle, whose head is chosen by the crown, then the governor of the province, and last the czar. All these have patriarchal authority in their respective localities. No right of inheritance in land exists; it is equally divided



among those who live on it, to be temporally occupied by them.

There are three systems connected with the division of land for agricultural purposes. First, the English; and this is now universally acknowledged the best by all the highest authorities. M. de Montalembert and the Baron von Haxthausen have both added their testimony in its favour. This is, to divide the land as little as possible, and only to devote to agriculture as many hands as is absolutely necessary. We need not go further into this question here. The second is the French system. It acknowledges, indeed, a property in land, but encourages its division, so that every man who wishes may become a small agriculturist: the consequence is, that while one-tenth of the English population is sufficient to cultivate the land, two-thirds of the French people are engaged in the same occupation; and as their small farms do not require more than two or three months' labour in the year, it follows that two-thirds of the population spend nine months out of the twelve in idleness and poverty, a prey to any socialist preacher or demagogue they may happen to become acquainted with. Again, with agriculture conducted on so small a scale, there is not sufficient profit for improvements.

The third principle is represented by Russia. She goes much further than France, and divides the soil constantly. France represents the principle of free competition, and considers all the land as a commodity which every one can acquire with money. Russia acknowledges the right of every one of her sons to participate in the usufruct of the land in perfect equality in each commune. In France land is the property of the individual; in Russia of the commune. One may object that nearly half the cultivated land is the property of the nobles; but this is an incorrect way of speaking. The serfs only belong to the nobles—the land to the serfs. If the serf is sold, the land goes with him, and not the serf with the land, as was the case in Europe in the middle ages. When a ukase was issued a few years ago forbidding non-Christian nobles to hold Christian serfs, the nobles were reduced to beggary; for the serfs being free, the land was free also, and was their property as free peasants. The serf says, "I belong to my master, but the land belongs to me; for my master can neither sell nor inherit me without the land." When a serf pays his master a tax for leave to go and work in a manufactory, the master cannot interfere with his serf's land; it is his to let or do as he pleases with. And in the serf-communes the land is divided precisely as in the free. In some parts of Russia the communistic principle is carried further still. Among the Ural Cos-

sacks the sowing and reaping is done by the commune, and the crops divided. In the grass-harvest every one on a certain day mows a circle : if he is greedy, and takes a larger circle than he can finish before sunset, any one may break into it ; but when the circle is completed in time, it becomes as it were a magic circle, and all the grass therein is his own private property.

It would be curious to compare this state of things with the system, not the doctrines of the St. Simonians and communists. It is a very bad one for agriculture. More than once the czars, since Peter the Great, have tried to establish private property in land, and the law of primogeniture ; but they have been obliged to revoke their ukase through popular opposition. As a natural consequence of this, there is no love of home in Russia ; a soldier rarely returns to his native village—Russia is his home ; love of home and father becomes in him love of czar and country. A Russian noble stares with astonishment if you ask him why he sells his ancestral serfs ; such an idea as attachment to a particular spot in Russia, and not to Russia as a whole, never entered his head. The socialists may thus see that their system is not a new one ; and a very bad system it is. Were it not that there are immense tracts of land which will not bear manure, which must only be scratched over to sow wheat, and that if they are ploughed, hemp must be grown for two or three years before they will bear corn, the system would not answer at all. Another evil is, that every tree is cut down on the occupied land ; for the Russian will not plant trees on land not his own, and, on the contrary, will cut down all he finds on the land that returns to the commune when he dies.

We should have wished to say something on Siberia, and its enforced colonisation,—for transportation there is nothing else, except for murder and one or two other atrocious crimes ; each ordinary convict being free immediately he arrives there, and receiving horses, cattle, sheep, and seed, as a present from government ;—on the old nobility ;—on the *tchin*, or new nobility of state-service, created by Peter the Great, and which bids fair to end in a huge system of bureaucracy ;—on the serfs ;—on the Cossacks ;—and the colonisation of waste lands ; but we should be writing a large pamphlet, instead of an article, were we to attempt it. We must refer our readers to the author, only observing that he throws a new light on all these subjects.

Baron von Haxthausen has been so well received in Russia, that he seems inclined to praise all he saw and heard there, more than we can think just. Thus, writing before the late



war, he tells us that Russia does not covet an inch more land; that she wishes Turkey to remain an independent empire, and will do every thing to maintain her independence; that the desire to possess Constantinople was but an isolated idea of Catherine II., not shared in by her successors; that Russia considers Poland and the Caucasian provinces a burden to her, and would gladly be relieved of them: all these announcements must be taken *cum grano salis*. Again, we are sorry to see our author justifying some of the national prejudices of the old Russian party, and speaking favourably of the mission of the Greek Church to christianise Asia. It is given, he says, to Russia and England to christianise the East through the two keys of Siberia and India. To the incompetency of the Greek Church he himself testifies in another part of his work. Nor will the printed Bibles of Anglicanism be found more efficacious than the lifeless ceremonies of the former. Gold may make a few hypocrites while it lasts. Indeed, another German, in a recent book of travels, alluding to certain American missionaries in a town of Persia, and a community of Lazarists who have also been established there, tells us that the Americans live in luxury, and have a splendid stud of horses; they spend 50,000 dollars a year in giving monthly salaries to the Nestorian bishops and priests for leave to preach in their churches, and another sum to every head of a family who will send his children to their school. What is the good, he naively continues, of these poor devils of Lazarists trying to compete with persons who seem to be possessed of unlimited wealth? Such conversions as these cannot be lasting. With these few and slight reservations, we cordially recommend these two volumes to the notice of our readers.

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ON THE ORIGIN OF THE PALLIUM.

*De sacri Pallii Origine.* P. Vespasiani, Hist. Eccl. in Coll. Urb. Prof. Disquisitio. Romæ, 1856.

EVERY one who has read any thing of the ecclesiastical history of his country must have been struck by the frequent recurrence of disputes concerning the *pallium*, or pall, which was sent from Rome to certain archbishops and patriarchs, to be worn by them during the celebration of the holy mysteries on the most solemn festivals; and he must have been sometimes tempted to wonder at the importance which was attached

to an ornament, of so little value in itself, and so rarely to be used. Nor would his wonder have been altogether removed, had he sought to investigate the history of the ornament, its origin, and its meaning. He would have found one set of authors deriving it from some supposed donation of a portion of the imperial costume by Constantine to St. Sylvester; whilst another see in it only a continuation and Christian adaptation either of the ephod, or of the rational, of the Aaronic priesthood;\* and both the one and the other freely acknowledging that these theories were merely conjectural,—for that the first origin of the *pallium* is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. We believe that Monsignor Vespasiani, in the learned disquisition before us, has succeeded in piercing the veil of this obscurity; and that the explanation which he has given will prove most satisfactory to all who candidly consider the evidence upon which it rests. Certainly it commends itself to ourselves most strongly, both by its own simplicity and by the abundance of collateral arguments which can be alleged in its support.

First, however, let us say a few words on the other theories which have been mentioned. That which would refer the origin of the *pallium* to an imperial donation is both unsupported by any ancient authority and contradicted by innumerable facts and arguments. It will be sufficient to name but one. All history combines to show that the *pallium* was essentially a symbol of spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and how should this be derived from any gift of royalty? None but a Gallican or an Erastian writer could ever have thought so; and, in fact, it is to the disciples of these schools that the advocacy of this theory has always been principally confined. Nor is the Jewish origin of the *pallium* any better supported: we do not say that no ancient writer has hinted at similarity between it and the ephod, or the rational; but it has only been on the general principle, that the priests both of the old and new law had special sacred vestments assigned to them. Moreover, there is the greatest possible dissimilarity both of form and of material between the Jewish and the Christian ornaments; so that nothing but the most violent and arbitrary laws of interpretation could succeed in identifying them. There is a third class of writers, therefore, who have sought to find the origin of the *pallium* in certain mystical and symbolical meanings which ancient Christian authors have attributed to it; but to these Vespasiani replies by laying down a most sound and certain principle of universal application in matters of this kind, namely, that mystical significations are

\* Exod. xxviii. 6-9; xxxix. 8-13.



always built upon some historial foundation—they do not give birth to material objects or external customs, but are themselves the fruit of human thought and devout meditation exercised on some fact or custom already existing.

Having thus disposed of the principal theories of former writers, our author proceeds to expound his own; for the due appreciation of which it is necessary that we should call to mind a few facts of ancient history, both sacred and profane. Thus, it is well known to every student of antiquity that the scholars of the most famous heathen philosophers used to adopt the dress, as well as the principles, of their masters; nay, more, that the particular dress often denoted the particular school to which a man belonged, just as much as a Franciscan at the present day may be distinguished from a Dominican, or a Jesuit from either, by the same token; and that the handing on of the mantle, or upper garment, of the master, served to designate his legitimate successor. It was in this way that many Romans began to exchange the national *toga* for the Greek *pallium* in the earliest days of the empire, being led to it by the admiration which they conceived for their Greek masters in philosophy; the *pallium* was looked on as a badge of profession of wisdom; and *transire ex togâ ad pallium* was as recognised a phrase to denote the adoption of the study of philosophy, as in our own days to exchange the helmet for the cowl might be understood to imply the abandonment of a military life and the commencement of a religious one. Still more to our purpose is the history of Elias and Eliseus recorded in the Book of Kings (iii. 19): “The Lord said to Elias, Go and anoint Eliseus the son of Saphat to be prophet in thy room. . . . And Elias, departing from thence, found Eliseus the son of Saphat ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen; and when Elias came up to him, he cast his mantle upon him. And he forthwith left the oxen and ran after Elias, and said, . . . I will follow thee. And he said to him, . . . That which was my part, I have done to thee.” Elias had been commanded by God to anoint Eliseus as his substitute and successor in the office of prophet; he now says that he has fulfilled this command; and he has fulfilled it, only by casting his mantle upon him. By and by, when Eliseus (iv. 2) knows that the time is drawing near for Elias to be taken away from him, he asks his master that “in him may be his double spirit. Elias answers, Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, thou shalt have what thou hast asked. . . . And as they went on, walking and talking together, behold a fiery chariot and fiery horses parted them asunder, and Elias went up by a whirl-

wind into heaven. . . . . And Eliseus took up the mantle of Elias that fell from him; and going back, he stood upon the bank of the Jordan, and he struck the waters with the mantle of Elias that had fallen from him. . . . . And they were divided hither and thither, and Eliseus passed over. And the sons of the prophets at Jericho, who were over against him, seeing it, said, The spirit of Elias hath rested upon Eliseus." Thus the mantle of Elias was at once the instrument whereby the double spirit which Eliseus had prayed for was imparted to him, the instrument whereby he was enabled to work the same miracles as Elias had wrought, and the token whereby he was known and recognised as that prophet's legitimate successor.

Among the early Christians, to whom the histories of the elder covenant were "familiar as household words," and who delighted to do honour to the ancient patriarchs and prophets, and to insist upon the Gospel as being only the completion and fulfilment of the Law, we meet with several instances of the same practice. The great St. Athanasius gave his mantle to St. Antony; and when St. Paul, the hermit of Egypt, prayed St. Antony to bring it to his cell and to wrap his own body in it to bury him, St. Antony himself took the hermit's mantle from off his shoulders, and ever afterwards wore it, we are told, on all great occasions of solemnity. We read\* of St. Ignatius, patriarch of Constantinople, that he was habited in the usual episcopal vestments, and that "they reverently put upon him the venerable cloak (*ὠμοφόριον*, *superhumeral*) of St. James, the brother of our Lord," which had been lately brought from Jerusalem, and which Ignatius had received with the same respect and veneration "as though he had recognised in it its former apostolic owner." These instances sufficiently prove that a certain religious meaning and value was attached, in the estimation of the early Christians, to the wearing the mantle of any great saint or doctor of the Church, as though thereby they were placed more immediately in communion with him to whom the mantle had belonged. Other examples are still more important, as involving the principle of succession to office by him to whom the mantle was transferred. Thus we read that Metrophanes, who occupied the see of Byzantium in the time of Constantine, took off his pallium and laid it on the altar, charging that it should be preserved and delivered to his successor: and still more distinctly, Liberatus the deacon, in his history of the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, testifies to this as an essential part of the ceremony of consecrating and enthroning the patriarchs of Alexandria.

\* Nicet. Paphlag. in vitâ.



"It is the custom at Alexandria," he says, "for him who succeeds to the deceased bishop to keep a vigil by the corpse of the deceased, to lay the dead man's hand upon his own head, and then, having buried him with his own hands, to take the pallium of St. Mark and place it on his neck, after which he is held legitimately to occupy his place." Thus the pallium, or mantle of St. Mark, was religiously handed on from one of his successors to another in the see of Alexandria; and the bishop was not supposed to be fully enthroned and in possession of the see until he had received this token of his dignity and office.

Now, let us transfer this practice from Alexandria to Rome, from St. Mark to St. Peter, the disciple to his master; and we have an account of the origin of the pallium, simple and probable in itself, and thoroughly consistent both with all that history records concerning it, with all the ceremonies that belong to it, and with all its symbolical signification. Nor can the transfer be objected to as too violent and arbitrary; when the intimate connection not only between one Church and another in those ancient days, but in an especial manner between Rome and Alexandria, is fairly taken into account, as well as the important fact, that the death of St. Mark having preceded St. Peter's martyrdom by three or four years, St. Linus must have known at Rome what St. Anianus had done at Alexandria, and was not unlikely therefore to adopt the same symbol of his own succession to the place and prerogatives of St. Peter as St. Anianus had done to denote his succession to St. Mark.

But it will be said that at least history is silent upon this subject; and that if we are to supply its deficiencies by our own conjectures, we are opening the field to every kind of abuse, and setting an example of most dangerous liberty, not to say license, of private interpretation. To this we reply, that perhaps history is not so altogether silent as the objection supposes; perhaps, when closely questioned, it may furnish no unimportant confirmations of the theory which has been propounded; and that this is really the case, Monsignor Vespasiani's disquisition, we think, clearly proves. For one of the earliest testimonies that can be alleged respecting the use of the *pallium* occurs in a sermon on the Epiphany, commonly attributed to Eusebius of Cæsarea; and it is to this effect, that it is the most ancient of the episcopal vestments, which succeeded to the embroidered ephod of the old law; that it was first worn by St. Linus, in token of his plenary jurisdiction, and that it was he who gave it its name and its symbolical character; moreover, the author expressly says that

this is the account of it given "by ancient writers;" an expression which, considering the time at which it was used, carries us back almost to its very first origin. Now if we suppose the *pallium* to have been that habit which was ordinarily worn by St. Peter, it is easy to understand why it should be said of his immediate successor that he was the first to wear it,—the first to wear it, that is, with any religious meaning; he gave it its name, and made it a Christian type or symbol, to wit, a symbol of fulness of jurisdiction, or, in other words, of a legitimate succession to the see of Peter. An oriental father, writing about the same time, gives precisely the same tradition both as to its origin and the manner of its use; he says it was instituted by Linus, the next bishop of Rome after St. Peter, and denotes a singular privilege of power belonging to those who wear it; while a third refers it to St. Clement, which in fact comes to the same thing, as some of the old writers, especially in the East, supposed St. Clement, not St. Linus, to have been St. Peter's immediate successor. Thus, the only positive testimony which antiquity affords as to the origin of the *pallium* thoroughly coincides with the theory advocated by our author; and there is absolutely no testimony on the other side,—there is no other account of its origin, given by any ancient writer, which at all contradicts us. The oldest writers confess that the *pallium* had been in use from time immemorial, and that its origin was lost in antiquity; which would be just what might have been expected, supposing it to have been something that was always in common use, and only came by the lapse of time to have a special juridical or ecclesiastical meaning, but which could not so easily be accounted for if it was called into being by the positive ordinance of some particular pope or council.

It often happens, however, that where direct historical testimony is wanting, certain rites or customs, or certain peculiarities of language, go far towards supplying the deficiency. We need only remind our readers how many facts in early Roman history were established by the ingenious Niebuhr, mainly on etymological evidence; or how many facts in our own history also have left their indelible impress on our language. Let us apply a similar test to the subject before us. We wish to investigate the origin of a particular portion of ecclesiastical vestments. What is its name? It is called the *pallium*; and we have supposed it to be derived from that which was never known by any other name. Further; we have supposed it to be that which once covered the body of St. Peter; and it has always been described, and is described to the present day, in all letters, petitions, and other official



documents, as *pallium de corpore S. Petri*. We have supposed it to have been assumed as a token of succession to the chair of Peter; and we find that, from the most ancient times, it has always been blessed on the festival of his martyrdom,—the very day, that is, on which, if not literally, yet virtually, its first transfer must have been made,—and that when blest, it was laid for a night upon the apostle's tomb, and afterwards, as long as this was possible,\* upon the apostle's chair; moreover, that it is assumed by each successive pontiff at this very same place, at the altar over St. Peter's tomb, and that this was done even when St. Peter's church was not yet included within the walls of the city, and could not fairly be considered the principal church of Rome. To this we may add still further, that many of the most ancient documents which speak of the pallium connect it in some special manner with the person of the apostle; as, for instance, in the letters of St. Gregory the Great, where it is called “the gift of Blessed Peter,” “from the chair of Blessed Peter the Apostle,” “from the blessing of Peter, prince of the Apostles,” or in the life of our own St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, where Eadmer, his biographer, mentions that those who assisted at his enthronisation reverently kissed the pallium as an act of devotion to St. Peter. Surely, then, no one can fail to recognise in all these facts the very strongest confirmation of a theory, already rendered sufficiently probable both by its own simplicity and by its exact conformity with what we know to have been practised in the church of Alexandria.

Only two principal objections, as it seems to us, can be urged against it; the one derived from its form, the other from its use. The ancient pallium, it may be said, was a large outer garment, covering the whole body, and corresponding among the Greeks to the toga among the Romans; and what has this in common with a mere woollen band or fillet, such as the modern archiepiscopal pall? To this our author answers, that though St. Linus and the other earliest Popes probably wore the very *pallium* of St. Peter himself, yet this may have been soon materially diminished by portions given to other churches, or consumed by age, or lost amid the troubles and persecutions of the first centuries; the rite of wearing it, however, in token and commemoration of St. Peter, being looked upon as of the deepest significance, the present more convenient form was adopted as a memorial and continuation of

\* Ever since the removal of the chair by Pope Urban VIII. from the sacristy to its present elevated position above the altar in the apse, this ceremony has not been observed. They are still laid on the tomb, however, and blest on the feast of St. Peter's martyrdom.

the ancient usage; and the loss of the original was supplied, as far as possible, by the rites and ceremonies observed in the benediction of its representative. This is no more than we know to have happened in other analogous cases; and in the present instance there was a peculiar facility for the change, inasmuch as the modern pall is probably no inapt representation of the fringes and phylacteries which bordered the Jewish pallium, whilst the colour and the material at least seem certainly to have remained the same.

The other objection to which we have referred is of a more serious kind; yet, when fully examined, it seems rather to confirm than to destroy our conclusion. It may be said, that if the pallium really represents the pallium of St. Peter, it ought strictly to be confined to the Roman pontiffs; whereas we know that, even in early times, it was worn by some other bishops, and at the present day its use has become still more general. Nevertheless, it will be seen on a closer examination that all those churches to which it has been conceded have derived it more or less immediately from the prince of the apostles, and with some special reference either to himself personally or to his representatives. Thus, the very first permission to use it which ecclesiastical history presents to us is that made by St. Mark in the earlier half of the fourth century to the Bishop of Ostia, to whom (as we learn from St. Austin) it belonged to consecrate the Bishop of Rome; and St. Mark allowed him to wear it precisely on this very occasion, whenever he might be called upon to exercise this privilege of his see. Again, if we read of the *hæreditas pallii*, handed on from one person to another in the regular line of the episcopate of Treveris, it is because that church was founded by Maternus, sent there immediately by St. Peter. Thus again, in the sixth century, Pope Vigilius sends it to Auxanius, filling the see of Arles; but it is "because we think it fitting that the *ornamentum pallii* should not be wanting to one *acting in our stead*." Pelagius sends it to another occupant of the same see, and his letter expresses the same reason, "as vicar of our see." St. Gregory the Great sends it to several, and the same condition is always implied, and generally expressed; "we send it you *as our representative* and to fill our place; that, by virtue of the apostolic see, you may consecrate bishops," &c.; "*according to ancient custom*, you have asked for the use of the pall as *vices sedis Apostolicæ*," &c. &c. These two things always go together; the one was the outward symbol or token of the other; and hence Innocent III. and other writers describe the pall as "the *insigne*, or token, of the fulness of the pontifical office." Hence restric-



tions both of time and place are always set upon its use when worn by any other than the bishops of Rome; since to these it belongs *ex officio* and fully, to others it is only delegated, and must be used partially and according to the limits of the concession. Hence also the importance attached to its possession, the zeal and earnestness with which from time to time it has been petitioned for from the holy see, and the slow and jealous caution with which it has been sometimes conceded; hence it is only given publicly in the face of the Church, *i. e.* in public consistory, and anciently it was delivered to the archbishops or their procurators at the very altar of St. Peter; those who carried it to any distant prelate were bound not to loiter by the way, to pursue the most direct route, and to deposit it every night in the principal church of the places where they rested; and lastly, it is forbidden to the bishops of those sees who are entitled to wear it to convoke a synod, or to exercise any other of the more solemn episcopal functions, until they have actually received it.

It may be objected, however, yet once more, that all this testimony that has been adduced belongs to the western Church, whereas the pallium was also worn by bishops in the East, and as part of the ordinary episcopal vestments, without any dependence upon Rome or reference to St. Peter. This is true, but in no way militates against our argument. Undoubtedly in most of the oriental churches,—the Armenian, Melchite, Maronite, Syrian, and more especially the Greek,—the pall has always been common, both to patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops. Each, in fact, receives it as the symbol of succession to his predecessor, and through him, to the first founder of his church, whoever he may have been; and precisely the same amount of jurisdiction, therefore, is implied by it as that predecessor enjoyed, and no more. Each bishop receives it at his consecration or enthronisation, either from the hands of the consecrator, or taking it from off the altar himself; and when he has received it, *tunc legitime sedet*, as Liberatus says. But this does not hinder but that the same bishop might hereafter receive another pallium, symbol of succession to one who had more extended jurisdiction, or at least of some degree of participation, be it more or less, in that more extended jurisdiction. And, as a matter of fact, history tells us that the Roman pontiffs, while not interfering with the pallium already worn by the oriental patriarchs, have yet at various times sent them another *de corpore B. Petri*, which they wore, as they do at the present day, over and above their own.

It only remains to add to Vespasiani's very learned and valuable disquisition an important fact from the ancient Chris-

tian monuments of Rome, with which he does not seem to have been acquainted, viz. that the history of Elias leaving his mantle to Eliseus is represented both in the paintings of the catacombs, and in the sculptures of Christian sarcophagi, belonging to the fourth and fifth centuries; and it seems certain, both from the form and features of the figures themselves, and also from the whole tenor of our present argument, that they were intended to represent nothing else than the appointment of St. Peter to be the visible head of the Church in the place of our Lord—a fact which is otherwise represented in these same monuments under the figure of Christ transferring to St. Peter the rod of sovereignty or power, wherewith He Himself had previously been raising the dead to life, changing the water into wine, and performing other miracles; but which afterwards is seen in the hands of St. Peter apprehended by the Jews, and of the same St. Peter under the character of Moses, the *dux novi Israel*, striking the rock whence flow the spiritual waters of grace and the sacraments of the new law. The most ancient of the monuments of Elias and his successor, to which we have alluded, is a painting in the catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilles; in which, however, the heads of the two figures have been unfortunately destroyed by a grave that was cut through them at a later period, but the horses of the chariot, and other accessories, remain uninjured. A sarcophagus, having the same scene carved at one end of it, lies under an altar near the door of the sacristy at St. Peter's, and contains the bodies of Popes Leo II., III., and IV.; a fragment of another sarcophagus may be seen in the new museum of Christian art at the Lateran palace; and a fourth and a fifth are copied in the works of Bosio, Bottari, and other Roman antiquarians. In these it is our Lord, who is going up into heaven under the figure of Elias, and St. Peter, to whom He is leaving His mantle; and St. Peter, not deeming himself worthy to receive it, holds forth his hands only under the covering of his cloak. The identity of the persons is unmistakable, and the theological conclusions to be drawn from it too obvious to need explanation. We shall probably, however, have an opportunity of returning to this subject before long, *à propos* to some account of the catacombs of SS. Nereus and Achilles, which may shortly be expected from the pen of the Cavaliere de Rossi: meanwhile we thank Monsignor Vespasiani very heartily for his valuable contribution to the science of Christian archæology.

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## Short Notices.

### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*Callista; a Sketch of the Third Century.* (Burns and Lambert.) It does not require the date and hint given in the preface to this volume to point out its authorship to the intelligent reader. The book is so characteristic of Dr. Newman, both in style, matter, and object, that few critics familiar with his writings could have failed to recognise him in almost every page of *Callista*. Few, also, will fail to compare it with Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*; and we fancy, moreover, that opinions as to the relative merits of the two stories will be divided, and not a little *prononcé*. We shall not enter into any comparison of the two books, but content ourselves with saying that *Callista*, though what it calls itself, *a sketch*, is a brilliant, animated, and instructive picture of Christian life and struggles, as they really were in the early days of the Church; and that those who wish to know what it was to be a Christian in the days of dominant Roman paganism cannot do better than ponder over the scenes and conversations here presented, and study what is below the surface, as well as that which at once strikes the attention. Dr. Newman says that it has required more reading than may appear at first sight; but we take it that such a book could only be written by a man who has lived half his life in thought among the Christians and pagans of the first centuries of the Church.

As a story, the book may possibly be open to criticism; but as a presentation of the realities of life in those glorious and terrible times, *Callista* is undoubtedly a most remarkable production.

*The Lovers' Seat. Kathemerina; or Common Things in relation to Beauty, Virtue, and Truth.* By Kenelm Henry Digby. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Digby, in adhering to his established style, has in these volumes opened quite a new mine of quotations. He here shows himself as well read in the ephemeral literature of the day, in the *London Journal*, the street-ballads, the minor minstrels, the lecturers, the popular philosophers, as he has elsewhere proved himself to be in the rare and recondite volumes of schoolmen, medieval poets, troubadours, spiritual writers, and other out-of-the-way authors. His memory must be astonishing, in spite of any amount of commonplace books in which he may register his discoveries. It would be no small labour to arrange the multifarious contents of any such collection.

His object in these volumes is to show the beauty, virtue, and truth of the common every-day scenes and actions of life. In them he paints human nature in as rosy colours as he has heretofore painted the middle ages and the institutions of chivalry; he extracts the honey out of all stages and classes of life; he looks with a large amount of satisfaction upon men as we see them; he quotes also with approbation those poets who languish over daisies, whom we have before now attacked for their "fetish-worship." Mr. Digby has too manly a mind to enter into the limited feelings of these minstrels; but he is a philosopher, and his views are comprehensive; finding these poets illustrative of the lower stages of his pyramid, he uses them accordingly, giving them credit for the truth they tell, and assuming that they hold more than they express. We are critics, and by our trade look closer into the

deficiencies than into the beauties, except where even our habitual fault-finding is overwhelmed and put to shame before the incontestable superiority of some great writer.

Possibly it may be from this critical habit of mind that we have found some passages in Mr. Digby's present volumes which, to say the least, are suspicious-looking. At any rate, we see in them fresh proofs of the necessity of a careful examination on the part of Catholic theologians of the definitions of the Church and the writings of the fathers on the destiny of the unregenerate. Such statements as the following, we confess, give us some uneasiness when encountered in the writings of a Catholic like Mr. Digby. Does he mean to give us a new reading of the verse in the *Te Deum*, and insinuate that our Blessed Lord has "opened the kingdom of heaven to all *unbelievers*?"

"Humanity," he says, "hopes, because it feels as if instinctively that with God is mercy, '*et copiosa apud eum redemptio*.' He who is to judge man, He '*qui in altis habitat et humilia respicit in cælo et in terra*,' knows all the frailties of the things that He has made, and therefore can like feelingly judge them. He will come, we are told, to repay sin with holiness, death with immortality; all evil with all good; for with no other claims can any of us, grave stranger, look as demurely as you will, be secure." (vol. ii. p. 23.)

Again, speaking of the way in which divines will probably appreciate his labours, "They will say that the whole tendency of our argument is vicious, from its being opposed to the sentence of condemnation already passed by justice itself upon the defendants in this cause. But are they so sure of their own information in supposing that it is so? Can there be no question about the truth of their report? I remember hearing a theologian once, who had been describing the horrors of an English penitentiary, conclude with observing that the hideous spectacle of an unimaginable suffering was calculated to make men reflect on what was prepared for transgressors in the next world; but, God help us! it did seem strange to hear the Creator and Redeemer of mankind likened to an earthly magistrate, who is obliged to contravene the axiom of his own jurisprudence—'*pæna ab ignorante non incurritur*'—the God of mercy likened to a policeman and a turnkey; especially when the very person himself who had made the comparison was obliged, as the representative of Omnipotence, to enter those dismal precincts with only forgiveness and offers of absolution on his tongue! Persons who take this dreadful view of human destiny may be very positive; they may cite passages from books, they may call to witness orators, poets, artists, for they see their judgment even painted; but is the unsophisticated human heart, and all the wisdom contained in it,—is conscience itself to be altogether rejected in evidence? Can these interpret nothing? . . . . Is nothing expected from them in answer? Such, at least, is not the common opinion; and many have the courage to avow it." (Ib. p. 44.)

*Modern Painters, Vol. IV. Of Mountain Beauty.* By J. Ruskin. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) How any one can read with any patience Mr. Ruskin's ponderous tomes of spurious philosophy and emasculated cleverness we are at a loss to conceive. His classifications are subdivisions almost *ad infinitum*; and though his nomenclature often shows a happy knack of coining words, yet he has been far from successful in providing the necessary *memoria technica* for his endless tabulations. As an instance of his terminology, we give the term *Giottesque* for the medieval hardness of definite outline, and *blottesque* for the opposite style of modern water-colour painters.

The general aim of the volume is good; it is a classification of



the lines of mountains, rules for finding what appearances are due to perspective and what to the forms of rocks, and an elaborate study of the laws of geological and mineralogical morphology. This seems to us almost as necessary to the landscape-painter as the study of superficial anatomy to the figure-painter. No human eye, however gifted, can see all that nature has to show; as a general rule, the eye sees only what it looks for, and it looks only for that which it has been taught to expect. We have often read a book through with one intention, carefully as we thought, and marked all its important passages; on reading it afterwards with another object in view, we have found as many more important passages which we had altogether missed at first. All natural sciences are of great use to the painter, in teaching him what to observe. Before the revived scientific study of gothic architecture, what ridiculous mistakes the best artists made in its contours and its details! Before the science of geology arose there was just as great confusion in the drawing of mountains. Sciences are a compendious way of instructing the mind and senses what to look for and what to observe. As Boswell says, he could not at first remember the conversation of Dr. Johnson: it was only in progress of time, when his mind became, as it were, strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther, that he could easily recollect and exactly record his talk; and as Johnson himself says, that one mind by itself can do little; all works are the contributions of many intellects; there is not so poor a book in the world but what would be a prodigious effort, were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators. The most brilliant intellect can only make a slight advance on its predecessors. We do not measure a man's powers by the positive value of his works now, but by the progress which he made on those who preceded him. Many a Cambridge wrangler can now work out propositions which Sir Isaac Newton might have tried in vain; the merest tyro at the Academy could draw a figure better than Giotto; but that is no reason why we should compare the powers either of the wrangler or of the sucking artist to those of Newton and of Giotto. The first inventor of steam-engines, or windmills, or ships, was a greater man than the last introducer of a modification or an improvement in their construction; and yet how rude, how almost useless were the first contrivances! No; artists must not trust to their own eyes alone; they must inform their minds, in order to form their eyes. The eye could not see the sun, says Plato, except it were soliform; the eye cannot note the peculiar characteristics of such geological phenomena as rocks and mountains unless the mind is inquisitive about, or furnished with at least a superficial knowledge of the anatomy of geological forms. The artist requires a mind, and an informed mind, as well as an eye and a hand. Mr. Ruskin therefore has given the draughtsman valuable assistance, when he furnishes a scientific classification of mountain-forms, of cleavages of rocks, of the arrangement of moraines, and of the angles of abutting heaps of fallen rubbish. An hour's study of such a book may save a student months of study, and enable him to start at once from a higher ground. But we must remind Mr. Ruskin that he is no discoverer in this line; he tells us no truth that is not more or less a truism. He is not the inventor of scientific classifications for the use of artists. His only originality here is in his impertinent, bumptious, and dogmatic Ruskinism, in the spurious poetry and namby-pamby sentiment, the bubbles, pretty in tint but slight in substance, which he works up with his solid matter into a whole that must be revolting to any manly mind. Witness the mawkish Dickensish sentimentalism of the following meditation on a sketch of a windmill by Turner:

“His mill is still serviceable; but for all that he feels somewhat pensive about it. It is a poor property, and evidently the owner has enough to do to get his own bread out from between its stones. Moreover there is a dim type of all melancholy human labour in it,—catching the free winds, and setting them to turn grindstones. It is poor work for the winds; better, indeed, than drowning sailors, or tearing down forests; but not their proper work of marshalling the clouds, and bearing the wholesome rains to the place where they are ordered to fall, and fanning the flowers and leaves when they are faint with heat. Turning round a couple of stones for the mere pulverisation of human food, is not noble work for the winds.”

This is not only foolish, but false; and if seriously intended, wicked. The whole material universe together is not equal in dignity to one soul; the life of one man, his power of spiritual action, is more noble than all the motion of the winds; the winds cannot have a more fitting occupation, or a nobler work, than to support that life by drudging at the grindstones. If you make nature superior to man, you let in the little end of the wedge, whose big end is pantheism, materialism, and atheism.

In a chapter headed “the Mountain Gloom,” Mr. Ruskin in the absurdest way confounds sin with ugliness and dirt, hints that meditation on death and the horrors of the grave, and familiarity with the skeleton and the charnel-house, argue an unnatural feebleness and deadness of mind, an imbecile revelling in terror, whose chief cause he is pleased to find in Popery. He forgets that, whereas nothing is so difficult as to trace effects up to their true causes, nothing is so easy as to invent supposed causes for observed effects. Popery now is the enemy of all high art, of all real beauty of mind or body. Ruskinism, just hatched, but chirping very loud, is about to lay the egg from which the new universe of ideal loveliness is to proceed. The mountains labour,—the fruit is to come; it will probably be as of old—a mouse.

*Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada.* By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray (London, John W. Parker and Son, 1856). The authoress of these volumes, an ex-maid of honour to the Queen, made a journey to America in the year 1854. She has favoured us with a description of what she saw and heard there, in a series of letters to her friends at home. She exhibits herself chiefly as an amateur botanist, and as a partisan of slavery and the slave-trade. The letters on the former subject,—a considerable portion of these two small volumes,—are below mediocrity; just such as a young lady, whose botanical studies have been confined to the shop-windows of Covent-Garden Market, might be supposed to write home, on paying a first visit to a maiden aunt in the rural retreats of Clapham. “We took a delightful walk this morning,” she most likely would say—“we saw the May hedges in full bloom; underneath which grew a beautiful floss-silk-like orange-coloured flower, new to me, which my aunt told me was the dandelion, and which, on reference to my botanical manual, I found to be the *Leontodon taraxicum*. Further on I gathered chickweed (*Stellaria media*), groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), and ground-ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*). On returning home, I found an umbrella-like cryptogamous plant, which I fancied must be an *Agaricus*, but which my aunt pronounced to be a toadstool; underneath its shade a little frog (*Rana palustris*) sat croaking,—a curious reptile I had never seen before. In the afternoon, while walking in my aunt’s garden, I saw a white butterfly (*Pontia brassicæ*) flitting round a cabbage-plant, on the leaves of which its cater-



pillar preys." We can assure our readers we are not exaggerating. Again, Murchison's *Siluria* having been the last book Miss Murray had read on the subject of geology, every rock she saw, from granite to the layers containing the bones of the mastodon, must of course be silurian.

Her opinions in favour of slavery and the slave-trade have acquired some considerable reputation, on account of the injustice, if report be correct, with which she has been treated at court for having published them. Surely poor Miss Murray has as much right to hold and publicly declare her opinions on that subject as the Duchess of Sutherland, or even higher ladies, have. We think the advocacy of Mrs. Beecher Stowe by the duchess was injudicious in the extreme. The romantic is surely not a proper way to treat a subject which, after all, resolves itself into a dry matter of fact. Are slaves unjustly treated or not in the United States? Miss Murray tells us the existence of Legrees is a myth, and that slaves are much better off than free negroes. When the dispute runs on the truth of simple facts, we who have never been in America can form no opinion; but we must confess we cannot quite believe all Miss Murray's statements. She is too decided a partisan of the southern inhabitants of the United States—so much so, that in taking the part of the buccaneering adventurers who desire to seize Cuba, and advocating the annexation of that island to the Union, she brings forward the tying chickens' legs together in the market at Havana as a proof of the cruelty of the Spaniards, and of their unfitness to hold the i-land; and has a word of sympathy for every thing and every body she considers oppressed by them, except their slaves. Again, she is taxing our credulity too far in informing us that negroes are only a source of expense and trouble to the whites, instead of a profit; that they are very glad when their negroes run away, and only seek to "recover them from motives of duty and compassion;" that the negroes in Canada send begging-letters to their old masters, imploring to be received back again as slaves on their estates; and that the disinterested slave-holder seeks nothing else but how to confer the greatest happiness on the slave. It reminds us too forcibly of the equally disinterested conduct of Mr. Squeers, in his treatment and recovery of the unfortunate Smike in *Nicholas Nickleby*—the ungrateful boy who had run away from his best friend, and put him to so much expense and trouble in finding out what had become of him.

*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Vols. 7 and 8. Edited by Lord John Russell. (London, Longmans.) Monstrous is the length of this gossiping memorial. "It draweth out the thread of its verbosity finer than the staple of the argument." We have puzzled ourselves to find some tangible ground on which to recommend it: the following is the only one that presents itself. We have heard, on unquestionable authority, that (no doubt in consequence of the remarks of our correspondent Richard ap William) the Bishops lately assembled in London have deputed two priests, on whose severity and causticity they could depend, to watch over future editions of the *Catholic Directory*, and pitilessly to proscribe all catalogues of lords, ladies, and landed gentry, and whatever else might seem to be provided solely for such morbid appetites as can satisfy themselves with mastication of toads, or sucking of saliva. But as it might be dangerous to compel weakened constitutions to too sudden a change of diet; as the drunkard might be seriously injured by an unprepared and total abstinence from intoxicating draughts,—it is useful to be able to recommend some transition-fare, some diet which, though objectionable to healthy stomachs, is both sloppy enough for the invalid and stimulating enough

for the gradual convalescent from the *delirium tremens* of flunkeyism. Such a book is Moore's *Journal*, which we may call in this light "the invalid's own book." There are very few pages in it which are not stuffed full of lords and ladies; but these pebbles are imbedded in a concrete which, though not particularly wise or witty, may at least be said to afford more intellectual nourishment than the barren lists of the *Catholic Directory* or Hardwicke's *Shilling Peerage*. Take even the following: it actually affords more food for meditation than the same amount of type in either of the works just alluded to.

"May 23d, 1838. Dined at Lansdowne House; a grand dinner to the Duke of Sussex, and a very splendid thing it was in every respect. Company, besides the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia, the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Camperdown, Lord John Russell, and plain *Mister Moore*. Sat next Lord John. The Duke of Sussex, on coming in, exclaimed as usual, 'Ah, Tommy!' and called me to account for not having been to see him; but I told him I *had*. In the course of dinner, taking wine with different people, and lumping three or four together at a time in order to diffuse the compliment, he cried out on proposing wine to some at *our* part of the table, 'Lord Minto, Lord John, and last, not least, Tommy!' On which Lord John said gravely, in an under-voice, 'Last and least;' thus putting in his claim, as I told him, for the small modicum of superiority he has over me in that respect; whereat he gave one of his very agreeable and playful laughs."

Such was the reward of the intellect of the Irish bard—to be called Tommy by the sublime sapience of a royal duke. But the moral is behind: to secure this reward, and to fit himself for such society, he had to give up St. Peter, to go and hear Bowles preach and another parson read prayers, to bring up his sons Protestants, to renounce all practice of his religion, and to die without the sacraments; not to mention the jokes, and the songs, and the conversation which he was expected to pay for each glass of champagne or slice of venison. But poor Moore was a spaniel who could not resist the whistle of a lord; when the magic sound pierced his ears, he would forthwith open his heart, even though he let his soul run out through the open sluice—for nothing! Even his intellectual gifts, and his beautiful *Melodies*, cannot redeem this radical abuse; he stands before us as an example—for warning, not for imitation.

*History of Richard Cromwell and the Restoration of Charles II.* By M. Guizot. 2 vols. (London, Bentley.) This history is not only by a French author, but from French sources, compiled and illustrated as it is from the letters of M. de Bourdeaux, the French minister to the Commonwealth, written to Cardinal Mazarin. The contemporary authorities and the modern historian take the same external comprehensive view; and the result is a temperate and impartial account of events which English party-spirit cannot yet allow to be fairly represented by an Englishman. The present volumes form the third part of M. Guizot's *History of the English Revolution*.

*Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By Dr. E. Vehse. Translated from the German by Franz Demmler. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Dr. Vehse has compiled a long series of memoirs of the various German courts: these two volumes are extracted from the series, and contain what relates to Austria. The author is a Prussian, a rationalist, a bitter hater of Jesuits, and a strong opponent



of Austria; but in the main he seems to be truthful in his facts, which generally run completely counter to his theories. We have marked several extracts for quotation, which we hope shortly to have an opportunity of printing.

*Kars and Erzeroum.* By Lieut.-Gen. Monteith. (London, Longman, 1856.) We have here a short history of the intrigues and conquests of Russia on the frontiers of Persia and Asiatic Turkey, from the first attempt of Peter the Great in the year 1722, on the invitation of the king of Persia to assist him against his rebellious subjects of Afghanistan, down to the last war against Persia (which ended in the treaty of Turkoman Chie, by which Russia extended its frontier to the Arras, the old Araxes), and the successful campaign of Prince Paskiewitch against the Turks in 1828, which ended in the conquest of Kars, Erzeroum, Bayazed, and Akhalzik, and of which the treaty of Adrianople was the result.

Gen. Monteith was an *attaché* of the Persian mission under Sir John Malcolm in 1810, which was sent by England for the purpose of counteracting the influence of, or, if possible, obtaining the expulsion of the French mission there, the power of Napoleon being then at its height; and was an eye-witness of all the events that took place in those regions up to the year 1829, when he quitted the country.

The greater part of this volume is a military history of Prince Paskiewitch's campaign; and as Gen. Monteith, who was a great friend of the Russian marshal, accompanied him through most of it, returning with him and the whole Russian army to Tiflis in Georgia at the end of it, no one could be more fitting for the task of writing it than he. He thus sums up his account of it:

"This was one of the most fortunate and glorious campaigns in the whole of the Russian annals. It only lasted four months; and though the distance marched over did not exceed 350 miles, it was through one of the strongest countries in the world, defended by an army of 80,000 men, with 200 pieces of cannon, who had at least a year to prepare their defence. The Russian army never mustered more than 25,000 men of all arms, and seldom had more than 12,000 men in action; their losses amounted to 4000 men,—a very small number, considering the plague had twice broken out. One seraskier and three pashas were taken prisoners; and, though little care was taken to secure prisoners of a lower rank, about 5000 remained in the hands of the Russians; double that number must have been slain; and four fortresses, till then considered impregnable, were captured."

We cannot resist giving our readers the following story; it reminds us of the celebrated discovery by Mr. Pickwick of the old carved stone near Rochester, which puzzled so many learned societies, and the inscription on which some ignorant fellow deciphered as nothing more than "Bill Stumps his mark." When Nadir Shah, the celebrated king of Persia, in the last century conquered Delhi in India, many Georgians and other inhabitants of the villages on the coast of the Black Sea accompanied him, and brought home with them a quantity of coins with a bull's head stamped on them,—a very common Indian type. General Monteith in one of these villages met a celebrated European *savan* engaged in collecting them, with the idea that they were Egyptian coins of the time of Sesostris (the bull being the god Apis), in order to use them as an argument in a book he was occupied in writing to prove that that doubtful conqueror had established a colony in Colchis.

*Tenby; a Seaside Holiday.* By F. H. Gosse, F.L.S. (London, J. Van Voorst.) In Mr. Gosse two characters are to be distinguished: the

able naturalist and beautiful draughtsman, in which light his works are deserving of much praise; and the spoony sentimental religionist, who balderdashes every microscopical discovery with a verse of the Psalms, and is moved by the sight of hedgerows and cock-sparrows to thoughts too deep for tears. We wish that, if not for his own sake, at least for that of his readers, he would remember that to enjoy nature it is not necessary to have the soul of a man who weeps over a periwinkle-flower.

*Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Koordistan.* From the German of Dr. Moritz Wagner. 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) Dr. Wagner appears to be a Protestant, or at least he says things that the Catholic reader would wish unsaid; but he is an honest man, and seems to describe conscientiously scenes and objects which very few intelligent Europeans have had any opportunity of seeing. We extract his testimony to the religious character of the Russian rule in the Caucasus:

“Capuchins of the Romish Propaganda have settled in Georgia and Imeritia; but they have been strictly forbidden to make proselytes even among the Mahometans and heathens. Some Protestant missionaries who were sent out from Basle—men of cultivated minds and the noblest impulses—were driven out of the country by Baron Rosen in a manner which attaches an eternal disgrace to the name of this governor-general. I am acquainted with young Catholic Imeritians, who ardently wish to be educated as missionaries in the school of the Propaganda at Rome; but the permission of going to the capital of Catholic Christendom is always withheld from them. No Jew, Heathen, or Mahometan can become a Christian in Russia, if he do not determine to enter the Russo-Greek Church. In southern Russia it has happened more than once that Jews of education have been moved by the sublime and solemn service of the Catholic Church, or by the simple worship of Protestantism, often equally efficacious in rousing and touching the heart; whilst the comfortless formalities of the Greek ceremonies, and the uncultivated character of the Russian priests, deterred them. But they were not suffered to become either Catholics or Protestants; and as they would not accept the Russo-Greek faith, they were forced to remain Jews.”

It is to be hoped that such a law, if it exists, may be modified by the Concordat which is said to be in preparation.

*The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha.* By Laurence Oliphant. (Blackwood and Son, Edinburgh and London, 1856.) In Mr. Oliphant we meet an old friend, the author of *Minnesota and the Far West*, giving in this volume a personal narrative of the expedition of Omer Pasha from Suchum Kaleh to the banks of the Skeniscal, a tributary of the Rion, the ancient Phasis. He intended to march to Kutais, the capital of Georgia, for the purpose of relieving Kars, or at least of creating a diversion in favour of the garrison there; but unfortunately the flooded state of the numerous rivers on his route compelled him to return without having accomplished the object of the expedition. Omer Pasha is a great hero in the eyes of Mr. Oliphant, who very much blames Marshal Pelissier and General Simpson for throwing cold water on the expedition in question, and refusing to spare the best Turkish troops from Kamara, before Sebastopol, where they were doing nothing. He attributes the fall of Kars to the supineness and stupidity of the French and English authorities in question, and defends Omer Pasha for making a diversion in rear of the Russians instead of making at once from Trebizond to Kars. Into this military dispute we feel ourselves unqualified to enter; though doubtless the allied generals must have had some reason for their decision. Mr. Oliphant being a civilian, his narrative of this campaign will not be found too professional for general readers; on the contrary,



this small volume contains a great deal of interesting information on the manners, customs, and religion of the tribes of the Transcaucasian provinces (Ackbasia and Mingrelia) through which the army passed, as well as other interesting matter. On the whole it is a very readable volume.

*History of the Ottoman Turks.* By E. S. Creasy, M.A. (Richard Bentley.) The second and concluding volume of this history has just made its appearance, the first having been published in 1854. Professor Creasy derives his information chiefly from Von Hammer and Ubicini. The only thing we have to allege against the author is, that he is a little too partial to the Turks as against the Christians, and apologises too much for the Servians and other schismatics in throwing every obstacle they could in the way of the Catholics, when fighting against the Mahometan power. We are, however, glad he does not praise the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, or the semi-Protestant Henry III. of France, for their infamous offers of alliance with the Sultan against the Catholic powers of Europe. In her appeal to the Sultan, the "virgin queen" styles herself "the unconquered and most puissant defender of the true faith against the idolaters who falsely profess the name of Christ;" and she implores him to send a fleet "against that idolater the king of Spain, who, relying on the help of the Pope and all idolatrous princes, designs to crush the Queen of England, and then to turn his whole power to the destruction of the Sultan and make himself universal monarch; so will God protect his own, and punish the idolaters of the earth by the arms of England and Turkey." Well might Sinan Pasha exclaim, "that there was nothing needed to make the English genuine Mussulmans save a lifting of the finger and a recital of the Eschdad." While England and France were thus endeavouring to turn the Turkish arms against Europe, the Catholic princes were doing all they could to save European civilisation from destruction by that barbarous power. The glorious defence of Malta by the Knights of St. John, and the victory over the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, marked the first turning of the scale in favour of the Christians. Thus the Ottoman power began to decline just as Protestantism was rising into the ascendant; perhaps in its turn to be superseded by Mormonism, or some other caricature of Christianity. We wish that Dr. Newman would enlarge his lectures on Turkey, so as to form a history of that empire. Up to this time, although capable of great improvement, Professor Creasy's is the best published in the English language.

*Lake Ngami, or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South-western Africa.* By Charles John Andersson. (Hurst and Blackett.) Mr. Andersson is a Swede, whose performances have at least equalled, if they have not surpassed, those of Jules Gérard and Gordon Cumming. A large lake, twenty-five or thirty miles long and ten or fifteen broad,—for it has never been totally explored,—having been seen in 1849 by Messrs. Uswell, Livingstone, and Murray, in the interior of South Africa, further north than the white man had as yet penetrated, Mr. Andersson was determined to visit it; and succeeded in his second attempt,—his first, which was made in company with Mr. Gallon, having failed. It is a pity that these pioneers of civilisation, to whom the love of sport and travel is such a passion, do not learn a little natural history before they leave home; they would then, besides amusing us, bring back the most valuable additions to our geographical, ethnological, botanical, and zoological knowledge; though we must say Mr. Andersson vastly surpasses his rival travellers in that region in this respect. Two new antelopes, and an animal resembling the puma, are added to the South African fauna. A description of the fish of Lake Ngami would be particularly valuable.

Mr. Andersson says there are many species in it not at all resembling any he ever saw before, except one like a perch, and two something like a barbel; and we suspect, from what he says, there is more than one species of ganoid fishes there, a description of which would be very valuable to us. The work is well and expensively got up; and there are many beautiful plates of the various wild animals and races of men met with in the route, by Mr. Wolf. Of these races Mr. Andersson gives us many new and curious particulars; among them, he visited an old friend of ours, Nangoro, the fat king of Ovampo, whom if any of his subjects dares to equal in fatness, he is guilty of high treason. Travelling and shooting in these inhospitable wilds is attended with no ordinary dangers. Trodden on by elephants, ripped up by the horn of a rhinoceros, suffering hunger and thirst for three days without a particle of food or drop of water, twice struck by the sun, ill with fever and ophthalmia,—our author has survived all these dangers to write us a very interesting book. Few of the most ardent sportsmen would undergo such hardships, even for the sake of knocking over nine rhinoceroses (of which there are four species, all double-horned) in one day, besides elephants, giraffes, zebras, buffaloes, and ten or twelve sorts of antelopes; and among birds, besides the ostrich, many species of grouse, guinea-fowl, nineteen species of ducks and geese—one of the latter not larger than a teal, ten species of herons, and other wild-fowl innumerable. There are two or three large rivers running into this lake, one of which Mr. Andersson explored for a few miles, but was compelled to return. The large animals swarm there like sparrows in a stubble-field in autumn; but we are afraid, as the natives procure firearms, they will be extirpated in time. No rhinoceroses or elephants are even now found south of the River Orange. It is difficult to quote from a work like this—we could hardly decide what to select; we can only say, for ourselves, that we prefer it to Mr. Gordon Cumming's book, our author not only equalling him in his descriptions of sporting scenes, but much surpassing him as an ethnologist and natural historian.

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POSTSCRIPT TO THE LETTER OF R. P. S. (p. 28.)

Since the foregoing letter was in print, I have heard that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has issued a commission to three theologians to examine the doctrines contained in my letter of May. If the notice had been given sooner, I should have asked you, Mr. Editor, to suppress the present letter; now, however, it is only left to me to declare for myself and for you that we trust that we have published nothing contrary to the faith of the Church; that we are ready to submit to the censures of the authorities if we have done so. I have only to add, that the whole responsibility, both of writing, and of begging you to publish my letters, rests with me exclusively; and that in the event of a decision adverse to me being made, I shall only request you to allow me to state my real name in your pages.—Yours very truly, R. P. S.

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**Death.**

On the 21st ult., at the residence of Mr. John Hardman, in Hunter's Lane, aged forty-nine, the Very Rev. John Moore, D.D., Pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Handsworth, and Canon of St. Chad's Cathedral, Bath Street.